YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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By the men . . for the men in the service

GI Robinson Crusoe

A "castaway" on a South Sea island, S/Sgt. Charles Gardocki knows how to get the most out of a coconut tree for clothes, food and shelter.

How to Live on a Pacific Desert Island

SEE PAGE 8

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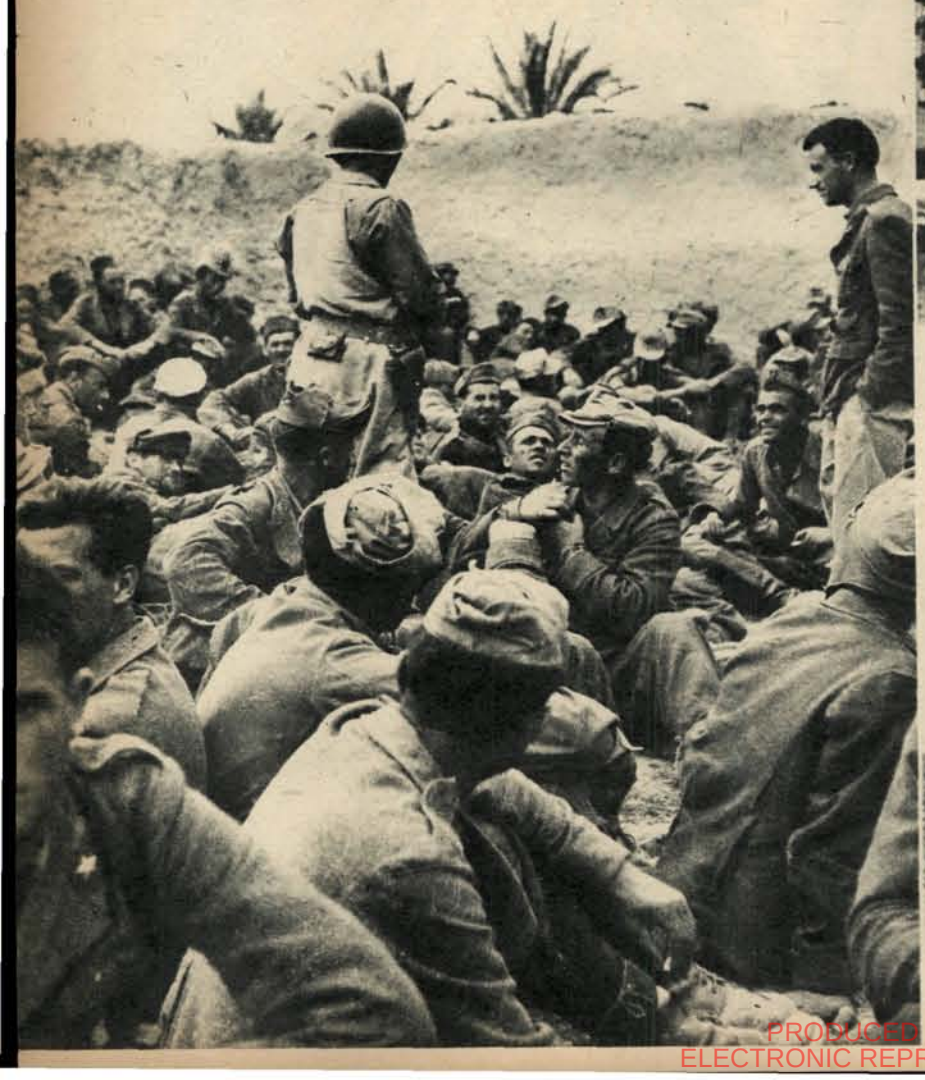
Along a road in Tunisia, the order is "Take a break." And as far as the eye can see, U. S. soldiers get off their feet.

YANKS AND BRITISH WHO MAKE A BATTLE TEAM IN TUNISIA

Feet, get us outa here! The reason British sappers above take it on the lam can be seen below. They'd just placed explosives in a damaged Nazi tank.

An American soldier who speaks Italian talks to a group of Mussolini's troops captured in Tunisia.



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The "Monty" lettered on this American tank means it's the one that carries the leader of the 8th Army to victory.

Two Tommies of the British 8th who helped smash through Mareth line and bring about the joining of American and British forces. They grin despite their wounds.

Meet the British 8th

By Sgt. A. W. ACLAND
British Eighth Army

SGT. ACLAND is a photographer with the British Eighth Army and was the first Englishman to shake hands with the Americans at the historic juncture on the Gabes-Gafsa road. He was affectionately hailed by Sgt. Joseph Randall of State Center, Iowa, with "Hello, you bloody limey." Acland tells here about the experiences of his Eighth Army, now fighting side by side with the Yanks in the drive towards Tunis.

SOMEWHERE ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT [By Radio]—The British Eighth had been saying for many weeks, "Hope we meet up with the Americans soon." We were wondering what you were like as fighting men. Since we've met we think that you're tops. Maybe we should confess that we were also looking forward to exchanging a package of King's for a pack of American brand cigarettes and to seeing some of your American magazines with plenty of silk stockings in them.

We heard a rumor a while back, and rumors don't spread fast in our Army, that the Eighth would not be the first to reach Tripoli but that the Americans would get there ahead of us. We heard the rumor going into Benghazi and it made the Eighth move faster. When we arrived at Gabes we heard you chaps on the radio for the first time, but we couldn't understand what you were saying because you were using code. But we knew that you weren't far away.

We were also worried about the rumor that the Germans had captured a few of your Sherman tanks and afraid that when we met we would shoot each other up. That would have been just too bad because your tanks and ours are equipped with the same caliber guns and neither would have been able to outshoot the other.

Since we've met we're going to work like brothers. There really isn't much difference between the Yanks and the Tommies.

The thing we noticed first about your men was their fresh, smooth faces. We've been baked and dried by the sun for so long that we resemble the Arabs. We're old war horses and you're young ones.

Our Army has gone through practically everything. Often we've been rationed a mug of water daily for weeks, and that's been salty. The more we drank, the more we wanted. For a long time we drank chlorinated water or repurified water from wells which had been poisoned with fish oil by the Ities. When we didn't have time to drain or scrub the wells, we had to be satisfied with what water could be brought up from the rear.

On the rare occasions we had water to spare we'd strip off in the boiling sun and pour the water over us very carefully in dribbles from petrol cans.

Maybe because of the hard life we led, illness among the men of the Eighth was very scarce. We were bothered only by sand sores which nobody knows much about—how they originate or how to cure them. They're damn painful. We usually scrub ourselves with a scrubbing brush and salt water, dress them and wait for them to heal, which sometimes takes a couple of weeks.

One thing that continually amazes the Americans is our brewing of tea, but you seem just as fond of your coffee. Actually, tea stimulates the nerves and peps up the men before battle. Most of us like it sweet and strong. You might even say that the British have won and lost battles on the strength of tea.

We often use it to shave with, for shaving is a strict order in the Eighth. When we want a creamier shave we use tea with milk.

We English will always thank the Yanks for the canned bacon in our rations. Our daily rations almost never vary—meat and vegetables, bully beef, biscuits, bread upon rare occasions, tea and dried fruits. For a change the biscuits are occasionally broken up, soaked in water, fried and served with marmalade. Or raisins are added and they are made into a pudding, which is regarded as a delicacy and eaten with much ceremony.

Between Tripoli and Tunisia we encountered a great many streams and frog-catching became a popular sport. Frogs are said to make excellent eating, but none of us knew how to cook them.

We also took our first good baths in these streams. At first we were afraid of typhoid fever. Then we decided that if the water was good enough for the frogs it was good enough for us.

The infantrymen are the toughest chaps in the Eighth. More than once they have successfully pulled off an attack because of their initiative and guts in opening holes for the armored forces to go through.

The Sappers often go out under heavy shellfire

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to demolish tanks on the battlefields so the enemy cannot recover them.

Most of the infantrymen hail from the Midlands and Lancashire, Australia, New Zealand, Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa. Then there are Gurkas from Nepal—tiny men who would rather use a knife than a rifle. On one occasion a unit of them were told to "duffy up" (meaning wipe out) an Itie stronghold. Their sergeant came back and reported 15 enemy troops killed and no shots fired.

The Indians, all types and creeds, are also magnificent fighters and consider it an honor to die during battle.

You might want to know a little about Gen. Montgomery, called "Monty" by most of the men, who have great faith in him.

The general is always up at reveille for physical training. He is often seen at the front lines with the tanks and frequently stops to brew tea with his men.

Gen. Montgomery is a typical Englishman in that he is reserved, but he always talks with his men. The men of the Eighth Army think he is a great leader. He emphasizes the fact that he will never ask the men to do anything that is impossible. I think he believes we can do about anything, and we are proud of his confidence in us.

Many of the men of the Eighth Army are veterans from Dunkerque, but they sailed to Egypt via Cape Town to join in the desert fighting.

Our men think and talk about the same things you fellows think and talk about—mostly what we did before the war and what we plan to do after the war. If you came upon our men suddenly some quiet evening you'd find them sitting smoking, watching the sunset and thinking about home and family.

Living in the desert isn't easy and it takes a long time to do it successfully. Now that the American Army has joined up with us, perhaps we can help its men over the rough spots by drawing upon our own experiences.

It is a hard life and a tough one, but men can stomach it.

Here's the First Yank Who Didn't Meet the British 8th Army

By Sgt. MILTON LEHMAN
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN TUNISIA [By Radio]—If the trip hadn't gone sour and if I had been able to find the right road, I might have been the first American to meet the British Eighth Army.

That day when all those Yanks were shaking hands, laughing and passing around flasks of Scotch and cigarettes with the Eighth Army Tommies somewhere on the road between Gabes and Gafsa, I was one of the few Joes who had absolutely nothing to do with the historic meeting. In fact, I am a little bit disgusted with the whole business.

Now don't get me wrong. It's not that the meeting of the Americans and the British Eighth Army wasn't a fine thing and a good meeting, as good meetings go. Military historians will write in their books that Sgt. Joe Randall of State Center, Iowa, greeted Sgt. A. W. Acland of Maida Vale, London, with the words, "Hello, you bloody limey," and Acland replied, "Very glad to see you."

The historians may also note that T/5 Ed Berg of Albany, N. Y., had the accelerator of his jeep down to the floor but couldn't quite pass Sgt. Randall in the photo-finish of the American race to Acland's outstretched hand. T/5 Berg's classic remark for the history books might have been quite different if Sgt. Randall's armored car hadn't gotten there first. As it turned out, T/5 Berg merely snorted:

"The bastard beat me."

While all this excitement was transpiring at the famous spot on the Gabes road, I was back in Gafsa, studying a map of the Southern Tunisian terrain, trying to figure out what happened to me during my trip to Mdilla.

I got mixed up in that trip to Mdilla because I was just as willing as the next fellow to be the first American soldier to meet the British Eighth Army. I had an inside tip that Australian armored cars were going to break through and shake hands with the Americans somewhere near that town.

So I jumped into my jeep and headed for Mdilla. I thought of several historic statements to make when I welcomed Gen. Montgomery's boys and finally decided to say, "Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Dwight D. Eisenhower and George A. Patton asked me to send their greetings, and I also bring tidings from the American enlisted men. We will fight a good fight together."

That would have made much better copy for the historians than "Hello, you bloody limey."

However, I never found Mdilla. Furthermore, the Australian armored cars were not able to get through the German mine field in the neighborhood of Kebili that day. It was a bad break for both of us.

I did everything I could. I found a sign on the outskirts of Gafsa which read "MDILLA—14 KM" and pointed to the right, down a dirt road. I turned right and the road wasn't so bad—for the first 200 yards. Then it became very bad in a big way. The small ruts in the road turned into great chasms which lifted the rear end of my jeep high into the air and pointed the front end down into the ground every 20 seconds or so.

It was a nice warm day with a brisk African wind that started to whip up a sandstorm and threatened to lift me out of my jeep every time we went around a curve. There was no shubbery in sight with the possible exception of a few clumps of cactus and a bushy and lonesome burro whose master had probably forgotten to beat him for the last few days and who had come out there to get away from it all.

Every time the road met a clump of cactus it divided and became three other roads. When you are out in the middle of a desert, no road makes sense unless it goes matter-of-factly in one direction. This one went in a dozen directions, branching all over the place like a pear tree.

I took the road with the most shallow ruts and followed it until I got so hungry that I had to stop and open my C rations. I had lunch there in the middle of the desert with gusts of sand blowing into the can to season my vegetable hash. A few planes circled overhead, which I hoped were friendly.

After lunch, I kept on moving, making decisions every 10 minutes about which road to take. There was no sign anywhere of the British Eighth Army. In fact there was no sign of anything except one young camel, sitting and sunning himself by the side of the road.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I began to think less of the British Eighth Army and more about getting back to my bivouac. For the next hour, I let the jeep make the decisions for itself and it did a good job, bringing me with great relief to an American command car which I followed to an area near Djebel where Lt. Robert Porter of Warren, Pa., was bivouaced with his artillery battery from the Ninth Division.

Lt. Porter, whose words I took as authority, said he hadn't seen the British Eighth Army either. Then T/Sgt. Perry Maki of South Swansea, Mass., who used to run the 100-yard dash for Boston College, pointed out the direction to Gafsa and I started away from the battery. Being something of a pioneer by nature, I headed the jeep across country. I came out on a road 10 yards from a familiar-looking sign which pointed toward the right and read: "MDILLA—14 KM."

I never found the British Eighth Army. I haven't even seen it yet. But if Gen. Montgomery is reading this, I would advise him to do something about those roads in Southern Tunisia. Whenever I think about it, I am astonished that the good general ever managed to find his way here from the Middle East in the first place. I am sure that I never would have been able to find the way myself.

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Yanks at Home Abroad

It's enemy flag day in New Guinea. Yanks of 41st Division show trophies (left to right): Jap Army flag, a soldier's personal flag and flag of Japan.

Mess of Destruction is Left in War's Wake On New Guinea's Tropical Shores

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH AMERICAN FORCES IN NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—The shattered and smoldering remains of this once lovely tropical shore are grim reminders of some fierce battles of the war.

Where there were rows of stately coconut palm trees, there is now only a shell-and-bomb-leveled waste of stumps. Where natives once lived peaceful lives, there are wrecked huts and huge bomb craters.

Equipment is strewn everywhere. Rifles, tommy guns and machine guns, hand grenades, packs, rifle belts, bullets, shells and helmets—many bearing bullet holes—lie scattered about. American soldiers collect this equipment for salvage. They burn huge piles of rotted debris and bury the Japanese dead.

The dead Japs lie in water-filled fox holes, pill boxes and shell holes, in tangled jungles and stagnant swamps, in all forms of decay. Some are swollen yellow-green carcasses; others are sun-bleached skeletons with tattered clothes covering their white bones. Others, who sniped from tree tops, still remain tied there.

It will be weeks, maybe months, before all these Nip remains can be found and buried. Meanwhile, the pungent and nauseatingly sweet odor of death pervades the whole area.

Here, lying in a puddle, is a Jap Marine helmet with a skull in it. Over there, behind bullet-splintered breastworks, is a pair of Jap split-toed, tree-climbing sneakers.

On the Buna airstrip are hulks of 12 Zero fighter planes. Pill boxes, made of earth and logs, are everywhere. Two goats, all that remain of a herd brought to New Guinea by the Japanese to provide milk and meat, amble leisurely among the pill boxes, chewing on cans, hand grenades, helmets and any other metallic delicacies.

A deathly silence lies over the scene. Giant butterflies that once flitted through the palm plantations are gone. So are the startling white parakeets. A deadly poisonous Kunei viper lies coiled beside a shell hole, killed by shrapnel. Monkeys which once chattered and clambered through the overhanging vines fled to the hills at the first shooting.

Cpl. Edward Hamilton of Cambridge, Mass., attached to Air Transport Command, seems, with photographer, to have stopped a cricket game in British Guiana.

Jap postcards, showing the victorious Sons of the Emperor marching under the Rising Sun flag, are found in many of the thatched huts. A stack of Japanese phonograph records and song books show that the enemy was confident that he was here to stay.

On the wall of one hut is a Japanese calendar with a map of Australia and a picture of a kangaroo vividly printed above the charts of the months; it was used to count the days until Tojo's men would break through to that continent.

Near Sanananda Point is a large headquarters building which may have housed Lt. Gen Horii, reported killed in the battle of Buna. Trucks and staff cars, mostly shrapnel-pocked, stand here in their last parking places. A few of them, still in running order, carried American infantrymen to the rear after the soldiers had mopped up the last of the enemy. Most of the trucks are American, brought here from the Philippines and Java, as were American tommy guns, machine guns and pistols. In their last hours, the trucks served as pill boxes.

In a Japanese hospital, stacked high with the dead, are medicine and equipment as good as that of any army. The quinine is an English brand, much of the other equipment American made.

As Sgt. Paul Stiritz, hard-bitten old jeep driver from Alton, Ill., wandered through the battle-destroyed area, he took in the sight with widened eyes.

"Phew!" he whistled. "I used to work in an ammunition plant, and the ballistics expert there claimed our shotgun shells had a spread that would kill a mouse at 100 yards. I'm going to write him that we've seen *miles* of battleground where a mouse couldn't live."

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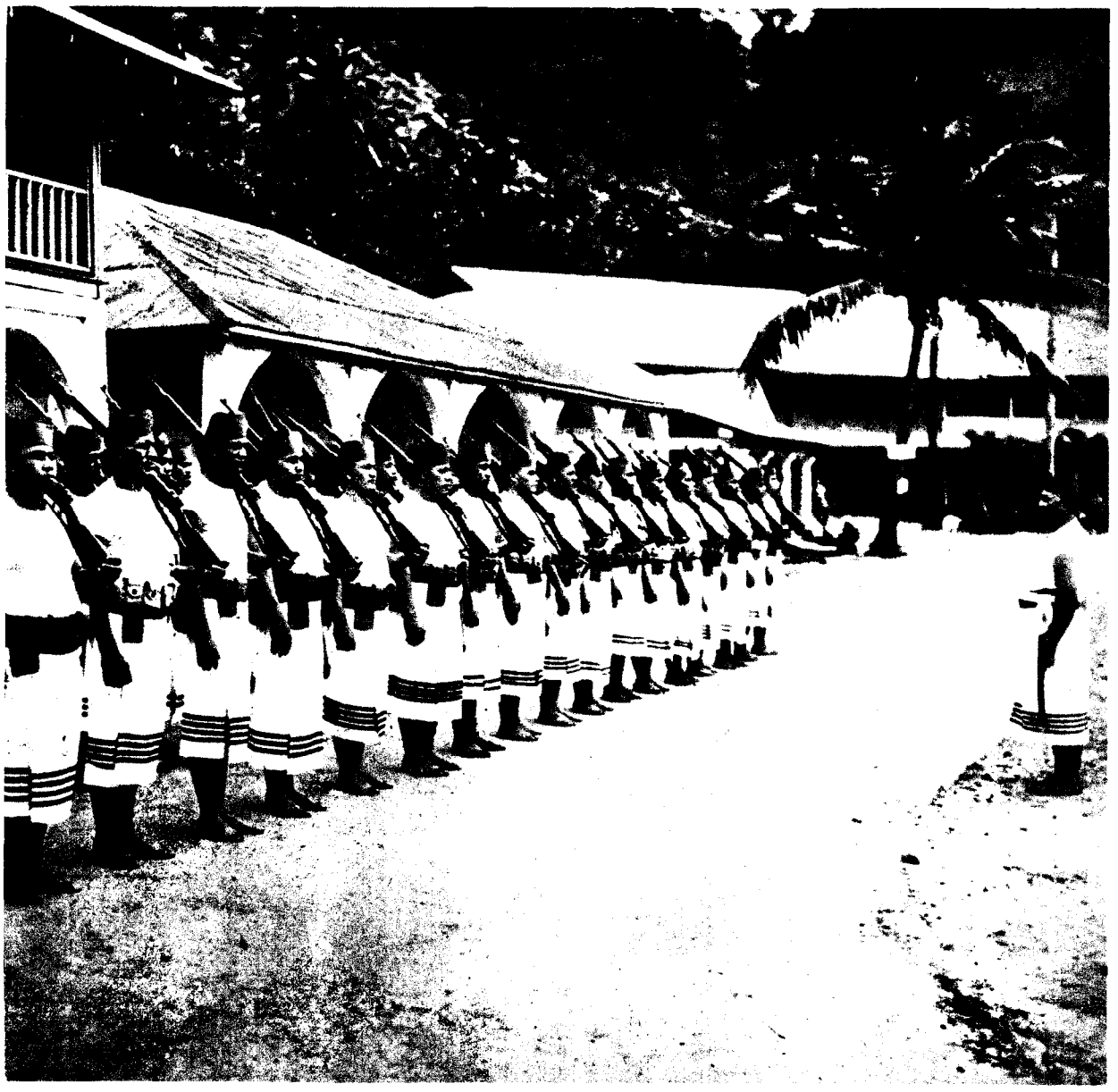

This is the Fita-Fita Guard of Samoa which has been part of the regular U. S. Navy since 1900.

Guadalcanal Has Its Own Tojo Ice Plant To Say Nothing of Hotel de Gink

GUADALCANAL—A soldier has a name for everything, and, given a bucket of paint and a free hand, he will decorate the works of God and man with signposts.

Driving down the Burma Road which skirts the beach, you pass the Guadalcanal Tel and Tel, and beyond that is the South Sea Salvage Area, proclaimed by glaring red letters on a yellow board.

On the left is the Hotel Foo, originally built by the Japs but later taken over by marines and, in December, occupied by soldiers. The Foo is little more than a glorified lean-to, but the Japs dug a beautiful air-raid shelter which is definitely *the* place for an evening of quiet relaxation.

The Foo's only real competitor is Hotel de Gink, nestled somewhere near Pagoda Hill which is adjacent to Coconut Bowl. Skunk Hollow, a nearby bivouac area of old, was so named because its original tenants were never buried quite deeply enough.

One of the best known of all Guadalcanal landmarks is the Tojo Ice Plant, which, although now under new management, was exactly that. There are more Bomb Alleys and Mosquito Junctions on this island than any other spot of ground in the world.

The strip of sea between Savo and Guadalcanal became Tin Can Alley back in the days when Pistol Pete and Tokyo Express and Washing Machine Charlie were household words. Charlie, bless his heart, is still a familiar character.

For sheer imagination, a bombardment squadron bivouac area probably stands with the most high among those who call a rose by any other name.

The place is occupied by men who were called the Eager Beavers. A split in the party resulted in the insurgent faction becoming the Uneager Beavers. It naturally follows that at least one fox hole should be the Beaver Hole.

Most imposing of all shelters in the area, however, is a canopied structure with the fetching title, Club Zanzibar. It's located just off Pineapple Drive, incidentally.

An officers' hut has become the Mark Hopkins, and some nostalgic San Franciscan went whole hog by adding the famous trademark of the Top O' the Mark. It makes no difference that this Guadalcanal version of the famous hotel is approximately two feet above sea level.

But men on The Rock (Guadalcanal) hold no monopoly on trick names for living quarters. Elsewhere in the Pacific is an Army-occupied Quonset hut which serves as an officers' mess. It has a neat blue-and-white sign: Hutset Quonset.

A rather unassuming latrine built by the bomb squadron immediately attained entirely different character when it was adorned by a beautifully lettered nameplate: The Thunderpit, Capacity Six PFCs. Which is no better, actually, than a fighter squadron's directional arrow pointing to Used Beer Department, or the cook shack which somehow became Hoo Mollie Mollie.

Even the bomb squadron's ground men got the bug when the truck drivers, using brilliant red paint, decorated the hoods of their vehicles with lusty titles of *Sweet Lips* and others even lustier. Trucks of one fleet are named, like battleships, after the various states. Generally the boys stick to old stand-bys such as *Mary Lou* and *Anna Belle*.

Dean of the vehicular glamorites, however, is and will forevermore be the *Tokyo Taxi*, one of the most battered pieces of machinery ever to operate under its own power. Once Jap property, it continued to serve U.S. personnel after it had been reduced to four wheels and an engine, nothing more.

All airplanes, of course, have names. Most of the Forts stick to the orthodox titles of *The Skipper, Madame X, Sad Sack* and what have you. A gang of night-flying Catalina Flying Boats have gained fame as the *Black Cats*, and one pilot in particular, although nobody knows his real name, is referred to as Heartless Henry.

Since appropriate names are a soldier's pride and joy, the combat areas always were showered with descriptive proper nouns. There's Bloody Knoll, also known as Edson's ridge, Grassy Knoll and Burnt Knob, and the Horses Neck and Skyline Drive, all with a history of their own.

But there was one sad case of mistaken identity, only recently corrected. The Battle of the Teneru wasn't fought at the Teneru River at all. In the original mapping of the area the names of two rivers were, in some way, swapped. Actually the battle was fought at the Ilu River, not that it makes any difference. Hells Point is still Hells Point, no matter which river runs by it, and there were a lot of dead Japs on the premises.

You can see little lettering jobs which bear the subtle information, Officers Country, and others (placed prominently around a huge and ever-increasing area of trash and rubbish) which say: Positively No Dumping Here.

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

It Was a Little Like Magic When The Bakers Turned Out White Bread

PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND, IRAN—"These boys landed with their barracks bags and nothing more," Lt. R. J. Shaffer said, "and within the week they were baking white bread."

The boys the lieutenant spoke of are members of a colored QM baking outfit. They took the difficulties offered by a strange country and lack of equipment in their stride, and turned out good white bread in sufficient quantity to feed all their hungry GI customers.

White bread here is the exception rather than the rule. Even the best hotels serve a coarse brown version of the familiar American loaf.

Part of the great traffic of lend-lease goods, U. S. Army trucks carry supplies across Iran to Russia.

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GIs alone enjoy the soft white loaf that mother used to buy at the corner grocery.

For their first few weeks in the base camp, conditions were really rugged. Cooks and Bakers School at Camp Lee, Va., hadn't prepared Sgt. Tom Donaldson of Jacksonville, Fla., for mud ovens. But he and his cousin, Sgt. Julius Donaldson (they were drafted six months apart, but have been in the same platoon ever since) waded right into the job ahead of them. Back in Jacksonville, Julius was head steam-table man at the Army Air Base mess. Feeding GIs is routine to him whether it's Florida, Fiji or Iran.

They rigged up the best mud bakery you could want anywhere. Giving them a helping hand was Lt. Harry Watts of the Engineers, who in civilian life helped design the model bakery at the New York World's Fair. It's a long way from Flushing to Iran, but the principles of good baking remain the same.

They built their own scales to measure flour. A wooden bar with a GI can at one end to hold the flour served as a balance. For weights at the other end they had a couple of metal bolts, weighing 1 pound and ½ pound each.

It all worked out so well that Sgt. Charles Flanagan of Des Moines, Iowa, who used to be a butcher, isn't sure he won't try to carry on with baking when the war is over. Pfc. Tom Starks, another butcher from Cleveland, Ohio, who used to box a little in the 135-lightweight class in Wyoming, feels the same way. Says Tom, "Man, I really love baking!"

From the base camp they moved to better equipped surroundings. Now they have an old Russian bakery to work in and a Russian master baker to give them tips on how his method differs from the American. The Russki and the boys hit it off well. As far as language goes, they're still strangers but when the loaves are being shoved into the oven, sign language is sufficient and everyone knows his job.

Conditions aren't ideal but the bread comes out uniformly good. Water, for example, is still heated in large GI drums, for there isn't a boiler available. The drums are raised above the ground on bricks and kerosene is burned in loaf molds underneath them.

The men aren't at the bakery all the time. They work in shifts so that while some of them are baking, others are doing guard duty and others are on fatigue at camp. They've even found time to get up a quartet, a socko combo paced by tenor Cpl. Jeffrey Craig, who sang in his church choir back in Clairton, Pa., where he used to be a cook. Backing up Jeff are Pfc. Joseph Martin of Chicago, Pfc. Eugene Hawkins (cousin of the band leader, Erskine Hawkins) of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Cpl. James Taylor of Jersey City, N. J.

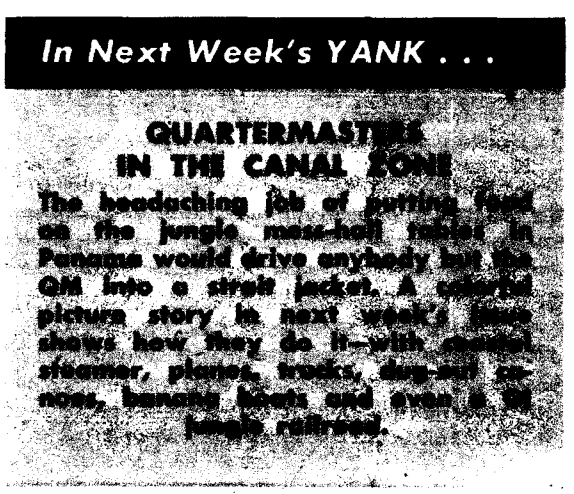
The quartet started singing together for the hell of it, but they sounded so well that other outfits called them in for entertainment. Now, between singing and baking, they don't have enough time to see the sights of Iran.

Most cosmopolitan of the lot is Cpl. Homer Potter, an ex-waiter from Chicago.

"I worked in the Brown Hotel in Louisville," he said. "Quite a place that, especially at Derby time. And then there was O'Donnell's Sea Grill in Washington, D. C. Business was always jumpin'. And the Pantlind Hotel in Grand Rapids, Mich. And I worked. . . ."

Cpl. Potter stopped and heaved a long nostalgic sigh as he stacked the neat rows of white, pleasant-smelling, homelike white bread.

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent



Lt. Jack K. Wood of Wichita Falls, Tex., admires his plane's insignia. She's seen action in Africa.

Saturday Night Baths In Alaska Require Guts, Plus Fanaticism

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—Saturday night in this Alaska camp has one thing in common with Saturday night the world over. It ends.

Back home, Saturday night is bath-and-binge night. To bathe here calls for a fanatic faith that cleanliness is next to godliness—plus guts.

Our bathroom is our residential pyramidal or Quonset. The bath tub is 18 inches high and 10 in diameter. When shipped here it contained powdered milk. Powdered milk still clings to the inside of the can. And clings and clings.

Nude and shivering, the bather now stands straddling the tub, laving himself with a soapy sock, handkerchief or GI shirt-tail while his good buddies stare and pass clinical wisecracks.

It's harrowing.

But now comes heartening news. GI rumor foretells that we're to be allotted one 5-gallon tin per 10 men. These cans formerly held oil. And we know that oil is easier to dislodge than powdered milk.

Or anyway, we hope so.

—Sgt. FRANK E. FRIEDRICHSEN
YANK Field Correspondent

Coast Guardsman in the Solomons Runs a One-Man Invasion Barge

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC—There's a guy out here in the Solomons who may well become the Sgt. York of the Coast Guard. He's Seaman First Class Jacobsen of Mobile, Ala. It isn't because he gets rid of so many of the enemy troops; it's because he's so proficient in getting rid of his own men—from invasion barges.

Usually the job of landing an invasion boat on a beach is a stiff job for a Coast Guard crew of three or four men. But Jacobsen does it all by himself. He says that other men get in his way.

First Jacobsen loads his boat with troops, then he shoves off for land standing in the rear at the cox's wheel. Near the beach he lashes the wheel, tears up front, lowers the ramp, rushes amidships, slows down the motor, and beaches the boat. Anyone who has seen a landing boat go through the surf knows that all this must be done at top speed with split second timing. And Jacobsen does it. If the Japs are shooting at him, he only does it faster.

When the boat is beached Jacobsen practically shoves the men off. His language helps a lot. They say it turns the air slightly blue.

Then he reverses the motor, cranks up the ramp and dashes to the wheel, heading back to the ship for another load. He does this all day, so far bettering his time each trip.

—YANK Coast Guard Correspondent

TEE-TOTAL

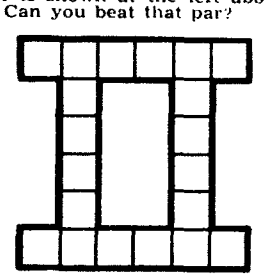
PRIZES are given to the GIs who submit the highest Tee-Total scores in each competition. If you haven't taken a whack at this word game, try it now. It's easy—and you may win one of YANK's Puzzle Kits.

Here's how: Simply fill the diagram with six good English words. No proper nouns. Then total up the individual scores of the 20 letters used giving each letter a numerical value as shown on the chart. The idea is to use letters of high value.

A sample workout is shown at the left above with a score of 236. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

A	6	N	18
B	22	O	3
C	1	P	23
D	14	Q	11
E	5	R	16
F	25	S	13
G	17	T	15
H	19	U	2
I	4	V	24
J	21	W	10
K	26	X	9
L	12	Y	8
M	20	Z	7



Score..... Submitted by:

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Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., within two weeks from the date of this issue for entries from the U. S., within two months for overseas entries. [5/21]

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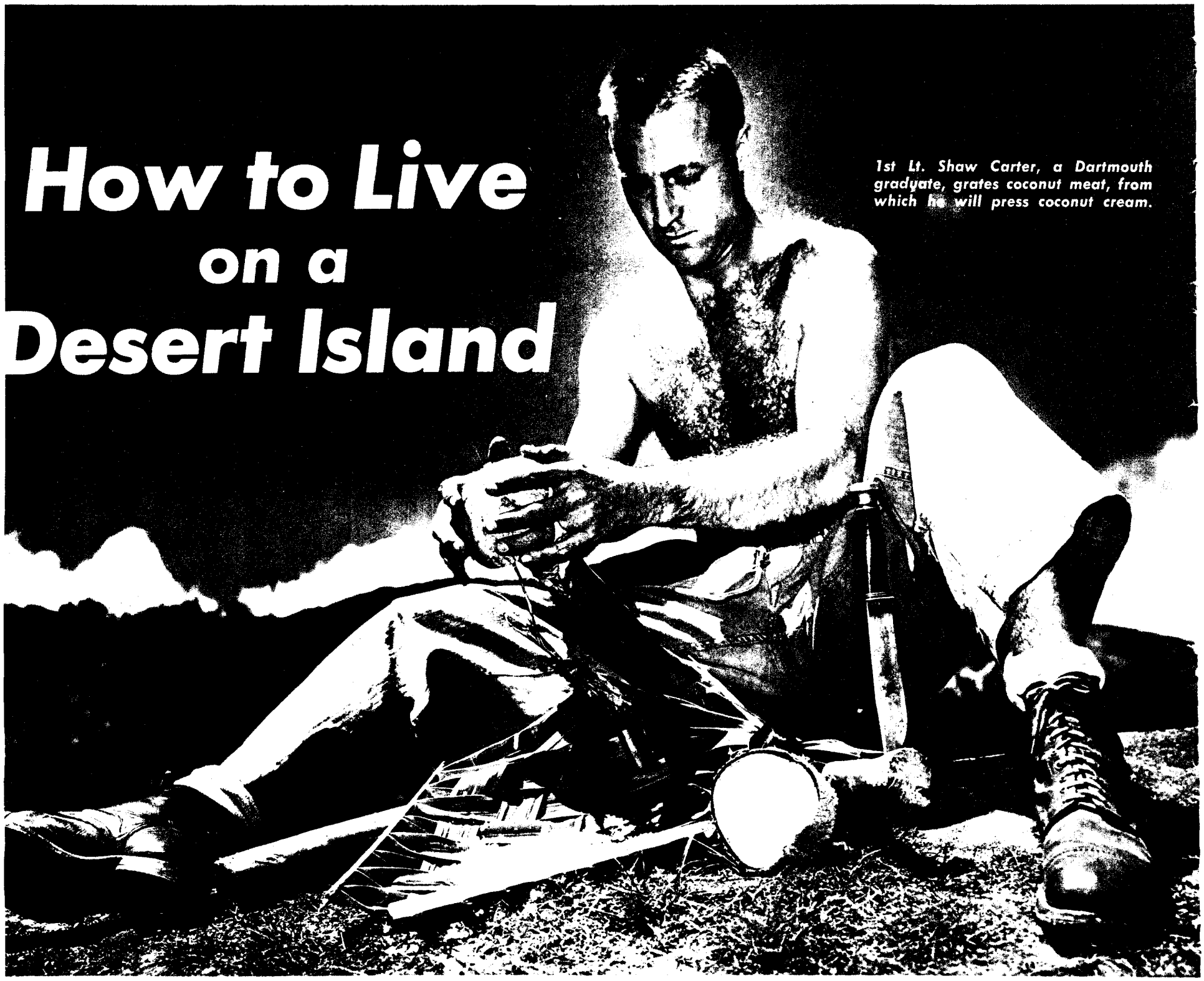
How to Live on a Desert Island



1st Lt. Shaw Carter, a Dartmouth graduate, grates coconut meat, from which he will press coconut cream.

All you need is a machete to keep your stomach full and a roof over your head. But remember not to act like a tough guy if you meet the natives.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

HAWAII—Let's say you are a GI marooned on a strange island somewhere in the South Pacific or isolated far behind enemy lines in a jungle with no rations. What are the dangers? What are your chances of survival?

Dr. Kenneth P. Emory, ethnologist at Honolulu's Bishop Museum and a walking Baedeker of lore for castaways, has spent a good part of his life among the natives of the South Seas. He says that the only danger is fear. And he thinks that your chances of survival are excellent—if you avoid Japs.

Dr. Emory spent three weeks recently teaching the art of survival in the South Seas with nothing more than a GI machete (and plenty of guts) to a class of 20 of us—Infantry and Artillery officers, a handful of Pacific Rangers, a half dozen assorted noncoms, two teen-aged sailors, YANK's staff photographer, Sgt. John A. (One-Shot) Bushemi, and your correspondent. Here is a pocket-sized digest of what we learned, a sort of South Pacific life insurance for YANK readers who may be bound west from San Francisco one day soon on a fighting assignment.

The first thing to remember is that GI machete. That's the only thing you need on a desert island. If there isn't some kind of GI machete, bolo, trench or cane knife issued in your outfit, you better buy one before you leave San Francisco.

Your island will be either volcanic or a coral atoll. Atolls closest to the equator are dry, deserted and uninviting but have sea birds, fish and one good vegetable—the common pigweed, a prolific plant with fleshy leaves and a stem which can be eaten like watercress. On semi-dry atolls you will be surrounded by pandanus trees. On volcanic islands you will find coconuts, bananas, sugar cane, mangroves, limes, guavas, papaya and sometimes oranges. Eat any fruit or vegetable that tastes good.

All shell fish are nonpoisonous and—except for several varieties of "balloon fish" which swell when caught and are deadly—so are most fish in lagoons and rivers. If there is any question, try a small piece first. Then, if you become mildly ill, drink enough salt water to cause you to cough up the poison and avoid that fish from then on.

On a coral atoll there'll be no streams; but you can get plenty of drinkable, brackish water simply by digging through the sand to the water-soaked level below. For digging, use a pearl shell or a turtle bone. Drifted coconuts probably will lie nearby. To open these, use any hardwood stick; sharpen both ends with your machete, drive one end in the ground and husk the nut by bringing it down horizontally on the stick and prying away the husk section by section.

Probably your next job will be to discover whether or not the island is inhabited. You'll find most natives in small villages, usually along the coast; and inland villages are almost invariably along streams or on tops of ridges. Where there are no trails, follow the ridges or streams. Wade the streams until they become rivers, then float on a log. With your machete you can find a soft wood that will float easily and can be cut down with a few strokes.

If you can't reach the natives any other way, set fire to a pile of dead leaves and branches or tie a few dried coconut leaves together and make a torch. You can usually bring the natives in canoes and may also attract a passing PB-Y.

No South Sea islander will prepare to serve you as evening chow; cannibalism today exists almost exclusively in fiction and rumor. Natives will not greet you as a "white god": almost all of them will have seen a white man before, and even in the Japanese-controlled islands the chances are good that the natives will help you —if you know how to treat them.

The rules are simple.

Never show fear and never threaten or use a gun. First of all, find out if anyone speaks English and can act as your interpreter-guide. If not, approach the native who looks like the village chief. Probably he'll have a bigger ring in his nose, be wearing brighter paint, or have a more brilliant headdress. Go up to him with a smile —even if it hurts. Offer him a cigarette if you have one. Use the sign language and ask him for whatever you want—food, directions, advice. He'll probably give you all three. Every week stories come from the South Pacific of men saved by the loan of a dug-out canoe or a native guide.

In case you spend much time with the natives,

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learn as many names and as much of their language as possible. Most of them—particularly Polynesians—are incurable practical jokers, and you should laugh as loud and as long as they even if the joke's on you. A jitterbug, a good jive drummer or an amateur magician will probably be a hero—especially if he lets a few natives in on his technique. Anyone who's a superior swimmer and can outrace the village athletes will earn their undying admiration. Better not try it unless you're almost as good as Weismuller.

The women will, in no case, resemble the Hollywood product, and the few instances in which natives have been unfriendly with white men have resulted when the visitor was overly attentive to a wife or daughter. Otherwise, simply treat the natives as your equals and friends who can help you. They will.

For shelter even the clumsiest novice can make a semi-durable, hardy lean-to or hut from the materials furnished by the coconut tree. As a frame use two pairs of coconut-leaf butts for rafters, a midrib of a tree as a ridge pole, and tie with strips of coconut cloth.

For a thatched covering, split long green leaves which are a little longer than the frame and plait the leaves the same way you wove baskets as a boy scout or at summer camp. Then lay the plaited leaves on the rafters from the ground up, tie them, one overlapping the other, like shingles. By thatching both sides and one of the ends, you have a hut that not only will protect you from tropical rains but, with a row of coconut stems in front, keep out curious land crabs. By draping a sheet of coconut cloth over the entrance, your hut is mosquito- and flyproof. Coconut cloth also can be used to make a handy loin cloth, belt, bag or shawl as well as a stout all-purpose twine.

Dr. Kenneth P. Emory, director of the "castaways" advises them to cut down the tree to reach bananas.

a slight coconut flavor and is a delicacy toasted. The sprout itself can be eaten as a vegetable.

Where coconut trees are numerous, you can fell one with your machete and eat the celery-like heart in the center of the trunk. Dr. Emory calls it "millionaire's salad."

As for bananas, each tree bears only once; so don't hestitate to chop it down. Some bananas may taste strange even when ripe; they are cooking bananas and can be toasted or fried. Even green bananas are edible after being cooked. The breadfruit tree—called the "staff of life" by the natives—has a fruit 5 to 8 inches in diameter with a rough, yellow-green skin. Cook it half an hour over an open fire, peel off the skin and eat with coconut cream.

In case you've been wondering about that fire, the best advice is "Save Your Matches." But you can keep one fire going indefinitely by using pieces of dried coconut husk as punk. They will burn for hours.

If you have no matches, don't try rubbing two sticks together and expect a flame to burst forth. Any of the primitive methods of fire-making are a sure way to a quick Section 8 unless a native or Dr. Emory shows you how. But don't worry. You can make an oven from a shallow hole with fire inside and stones on top.

"With a coconut grove around, who needs a fire?" the doctor demands, skillfully evading a rumor that if you pull off the lower fronds of a tree and let the juice drip into an empty shell tied directly below you will have, in two or three days, a beer that will put any PX 3.2 to shame. Dr. Emory insists that only the natives can make the beer properly, but when we get to *our* South Sea island, we're planning to try.

Capt. Jacob Hertzog eats the celery-like heart of a coconut tree.

S/Sgt. John Obert of Hibbing, Minn., samples the nutritious end of a coconut sprout.

Pfc. John Eslick of Golden, Colo., cooks breadfruit on a stove made of hot stones.

S/Sgt. Obert shows that a coconut will provide both meat and drink.

If you never learned to weave as a boy scout—and this reporter was given up as hopeless by both the scouts and Dr. Emory—don't worry. We found that if you just tie several layers of unwoven leaves over the frame of your hut it's almost as snug—and much simpler to make. A spare thatch, a mat woven by plaiting an unsplit leaf, or even a pile of dried leaves makes a surprisingly comfortable bed.

When your water-soaked GI shoes give out, you can make an excellent sandal by strapping a piece of coconut husk to the bottom of each foot. Foot covering is necessary if you're planning to swim or fish near the coral rocks along the sea or lagoons. Wear as many clothes as possible and try to ride the surf in. Coral cuts are dangerously infectious.

Besides providing you with materials for a house and clothing, even the scrubbiest coconut grove gives you almost a complete diet. For example, there is the refreshing water or "milk" in the half-grown nut whose jelly-like meat is a satisfying though monotonous meal.

The meat of the mature nut—the kind you used to buy at the corner grocery back home—is too rich for a steady diet, but you can grate it with a piece of coral or the edge of a shell, squeeze the gratings with your hand, and produce a cream that will make most cows envious. You can drink the cream straight, have bananas and cream for breakfast—no corn flakes—or make a sauce for fish, pandanus or breadfruit. Dry a mature nut, grate its meat, and squeeze for the oil that, smeared over your body, prevents excessive sunburn and keeps your hair from cracking.

In addition, nuts with sprouts have a spongy growth inside which tastes like marshmallow with

Pacific Rangers return after a day of gathering jungle fruits. Ferns are cool and good camouflage.

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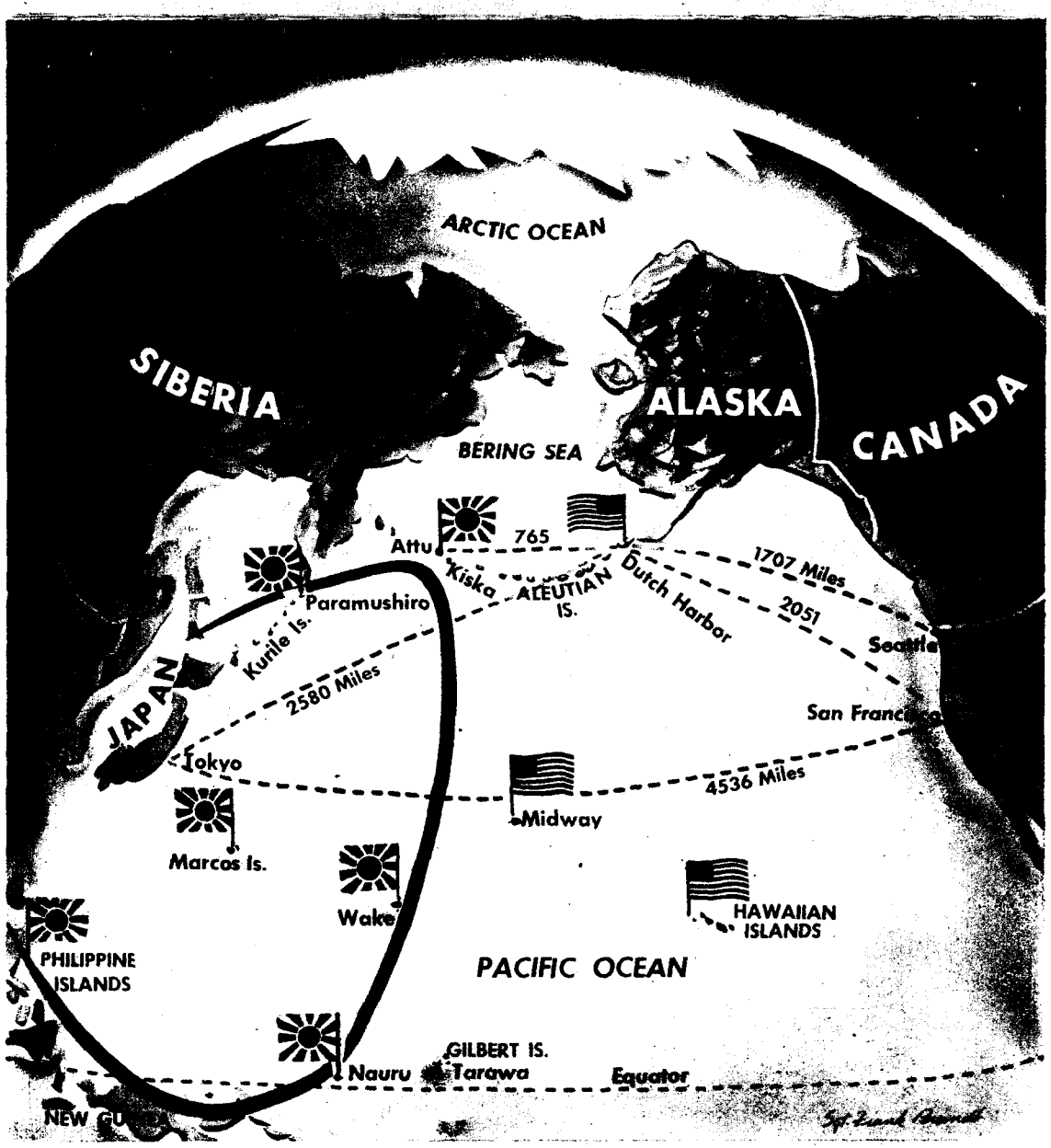
American bombs fall on the airfield the Japs have been building in Kiska.

Japan's Doorstep

If we take the northern bases at Attu and Kiska, Tojo will be fighting his Pacific war close to home.



SIGNIFICANT events in the Pacific are the consistent American bombing raids on the Jap-held Gilbert Islands, and the shelling of Attu and Kiska by the U. S. Navy.

It is no secret that the Japanese have been feverishly constructing airfields on the two tipmost islands of the Aleutian chain. For months the treacherous North Pacific weather has aided them. American bombing planes were unable to penetrate the thick pea-soup fog.

When the weather broke, however, American fighters and bombers harried the life out of the Nips. Supply ships en route from Tokyo to the Japs on the Aleutians were either sunk or turned back. Americans were determined either to bomb the Japs out of the Aleutians or starve them out.

At great cost, the Japs managed to maintain their troops on the northern American stepping stones, the most distant of which is only 800 miles from Dutch Harbor.

Because of the great distances involved in the Pacific fighting areas, strategy in the Aleutians has never been too clear. But distance has been the very thing the Japs have played on. Distance has been their greatest ally in the war they have waged on the United Nations.

To protect the Island Empire Japan pushed into China, thus eliminating the possibility of attack from the Asiatic mainland. She grabbed the tip of the Aleutians to protect the vulnerable Kurile Islands, stepping stones to Tokyo. She pushed into the Southwest Pacific to keep the United Nations busy on a fighting front 3,000 miles away.

These initial moves established Japan's fighting fronts in areas well away from Tokyo. As a matter of fact, a look at any map will show that once these distant fronts fall, Japan itself falls. The Island Empire is extremely vulnerable, and could offer no adequate defense against a full-scale invasion attempt.

In this sense, Japan got the first jump in the Pacific. But maintaining these distant fronts is a gigantic job for the Nips.

All military observers agree that the Nips will try to hang on to the Aleutian Islands as long as they can. There is little fear that Japan will ever use the islands as a base for attack on the American mainland. It is apparent, however, that the Aleutians are protection for the Kurile Islands, only 750 miles from Attu.

Kiska and Attu airfields in the hands of the Japs, can harass American attempts to take the Kurile Islands and use them as stepping stones to Tokyo.

In the Southwest Pacific, American air and submarine bases have been coming closer and closer to Japan's extended shipping lines. Japanese shipping losses have far exceeded their shipbuilding program. This Allied policy has reduced the Japs' merchant fleet by 14 percent, costing them 66 warships and 2,000 planes destroyed.

In two months of bombing in the Aleutians, more than 1,000,000 high explosive and incendiary bombs were dropped, and a naval task force topped off the raids by standing off Holtz Bay and Chichagof Harbor and pumping shell after shell into the Jap installations.

Farther south, Americans opened up on the Japs' 3,000-mile distant front by bombing the Gilbert Islands. Nauru was blasted, as was Tarawa. Simultaneously, an announcement was made that American troops had been in possession of the island of Fanafuti in the Ellice Island group for some time.

Maj. Gen. William H. Hale, commanding general of the Seventh Air Force, said that present operations are "a prelude to an American offensive action in a big central area of the Pacific."

If this "central area" once falls into the hands of the Americans; if the islands, stretching in a wide arc from Attu and Kiska to the Dutch East Indies, are wrested from the hands of the enemy, it means that the fighting will land right on Japan's front doorstep — which is the last place she wants it to be.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Sgt. John Bushemi. 2, left, Sgt. Peter Paris; right, Acme. 3, left, Sgt. George Aarons; right, Acme. 5, top, U. S. Signal Corps; bottom, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 6, top, WW; bottom, BPR. 7, U. S. Air Force. 8 & 9, Bushemi. 10, PA. 12, top left, U. S. Navy; top right, Sgt. Dave Richardson; center left and bottom right, Acme; bottom left, WW; center right, PRO Bryan, Tex.; bottom center, Signal Corps. 13, top left, Acme; top right, INP; center bottom, INP; bottom right and left, PA; center, Cpl. E. Culver Wold; center right, Paris. 16, RKO Radio. 17, left, PA; right, PRO, Blythe (Calif.) AAB. 20, bottom left, INP; bottom right, Acme. 21, INP. 23, left, Acme; right, PA.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. 1, NO. 48
MAY 21, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

V-Mail and the Sugar Report

YANK has received a letter from S/Sgt. Hobert Skidmore, who is in the Air Corps overseas. He comments very strongly on YANK's editorials asking soldiers to use more V-Mail so that ships may carry more packages.

The sergeant's letter is eloquent, and we quote part of it:

"V-Mail is fine and good for the short message, the quick message or the indifferent one. It is perfect for Aunt Gussie, who wants to know a lot of things we can't write anyway. But for a real sugar report it isn't worth a lot. I have yet to see a soldier carrying around a worn, battered, dirty and loved V-Mail letter. For some reason, we read them and then hurry back to the mail call to see if any mail has come. But you can find soldiers carrying around letters so rubbed, worn and crumpled from hikes and work and general wear that they can only be read from memory. But we hold onto them!

"From Fort Jay to Algiers, letter-writing is the soldier's great escape, and he's a writing fool. He's also a reading fool. Take the pretty presents and the fine stale cakes, leave us the sugar reports. As for V-Mail not being lost, that is absolutely true. But frankly, I'd rather lose 10 of those brief, studied notes than to miss the possibility of one good letter, written during a long, lonely evening—when I felt exactly the same way."

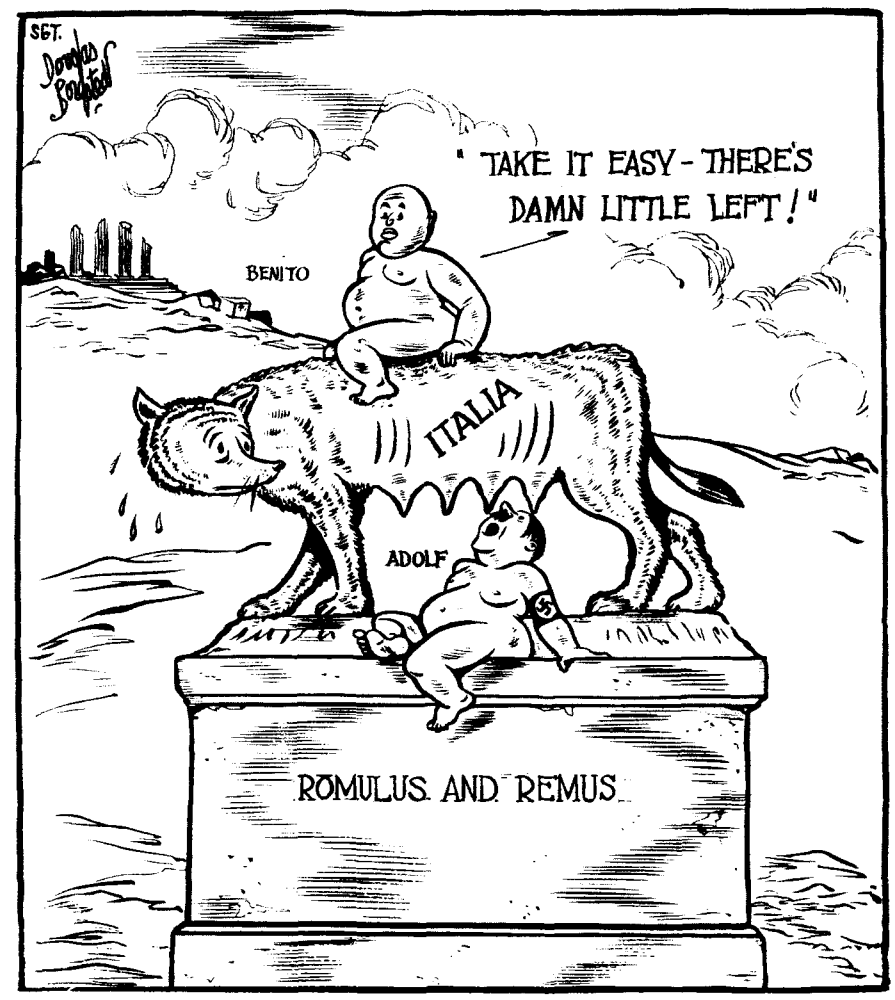
Well, there you are. A lot of other men write that they feel the same way. But the fact remains that there are just so many boats available to tote mail, and no more. You've got to decide what is most important. It probably will not be just a temporary decision. The Navy reports that United Nations shipping losses in 1942 exceeded by a million gross tons the total of new ship construction. Shipping probably will remain one of the big headaches for a long time.

We are informed this week by the Army Postal Service that they are considering a plan whereby soldiers might receive one 5-pound package per month without approval of the CO. If that were allowed, 5 pounds of mail must give way somewhere else.

But where? How many letters do you write that could just as well go V-Mail? How many letters do you get that could just as well go V-Mail? Aunt Gussie isn't the only correspondent you could take care of that way. If you wrote everybody except the heavy sugar and the folks by V-Mail, and asked people to reply by the same V-Mail, in the aggregate you'd save a lot of shipping space.

And what about the sugar report? Well, note that YANK advocated *keeping* the regulation which allows you to send and receive 8-ounce packages by first class mail. Eight ounces of sugar would be about 30 pages of ordinary letter paper. Thirty pages, written on both sides, would be about 18,000 words.

That ought to be enough sugar report for anybody.



STRICTLY G.I.

Good Conduct Medal

THE WD has amended the requirements for the Good Conduct Medal to include the following: It may be awarded by the CO of a unit for "exemplary behavior, efficiency and fidelity" to any GI who on or after Aug. 27, 1940, had or shall have completed three years of active military service or who after Dec. 7, 1941, has or shall have completed one year of continuous active military service while the U. S. is at war. Not more than one Good Conduct Medal may be awarded to any one soldier, but he may get a clasp for an additional three-year period. A ribbon of scarlet with a white strip at each end is given in place of the medal during wartime. See AR 600-68 (1943).

Your Girl Shouldn't Wear Army Insignia

GIs are warned that their civilian girl friends or wives are liable to six months in jail or a $300 fine if they wear official Army insignia. The regulation is part of the National Defense Act and has been in effect for some time, but the Army didn't do anything about it until so many women rushed to buy pins, wings and even hash marks that they created a shortage for soldiers. AR 600-40.

Animal Gas Masks

Horses and mules in combat areas are now being issued gas masks. They are like those for human use, having close-fitting muzzle pieces connected by flexible hoses to canisters. This is a great improvement over the first World War models, which were nose bags filled with wads of cheesecloth filter. Pack animals get the M4, with two canisters carried on each shoulder. Cavalry horses get the M5, with one canister slung on the horse's right shoulder to balance the weight of the rifle on the left.

No Stump Speeches

A new WD regulation prohibits a soldier on active duty from seeking or accepting a public office unless he held that office when he entered the Army. If seeking reelection, he must first get permission of the WD and his CO. This permission will be given only in "cases of material hardship." Under no circumstances will soldiers be given time off to make political campaigns.

Club, Police, M1

MPs have been issued a new standard persuader known as Club, Police, M1. It weighs 12½ ounces, is 20 inches long, and is made of ash, elm, birch, hickory, locust, maple, oak or beech.

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Adolf's Days Numbered?

The Dutch have a new trick for annoying their Nazi guests: They are printing calendars and desk cards that list American holidays but omit the German ones. Dates of Thanksgiving Day, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, St. Patrick's Day and Armistice Day are displayed prominently, but Hitler's birthday is conspicuous by its absence.

Axis Solidarity

Latest sidelight on Axis solidarity comes in a story from Bari, Italy, where both Nazi and Itie aviators are stationed. Naturally the Nazis get better food and quarters. One day somebody made a mistake and gave the Italians some of the German rations. In the ensuing argument, three of Il Duce's flyers were wounded and one was killed.

Modest Murderers

"Americans just don't understand the Japanese people," mourned the Tokyo radio. "A little thought will make Americans see how patiently Japan has stood American abuses; how tolerant, patient and modest we are." The broadcast took place the day after the announcement of the Jap execution of the Doolittle flyers.

Italian Generals Walk

Allied HQ in North Africa reports the capture of Gen. Alberto Mannerini, former chief of the Italian Sahara Command, and his entire staff. The general and his staff were nabbed, it was explained, because the retreating Germans took all the motor vehicles belonging to the Italians for their own use, leaving their Axis buddies, including generals, to hoof it.

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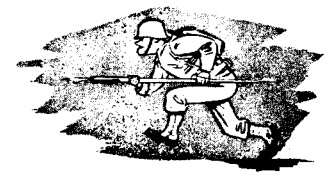

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THE CHEF. Rufus Chapman OC/3c helps make his ship happy by doing some good cooking for sea fighters.

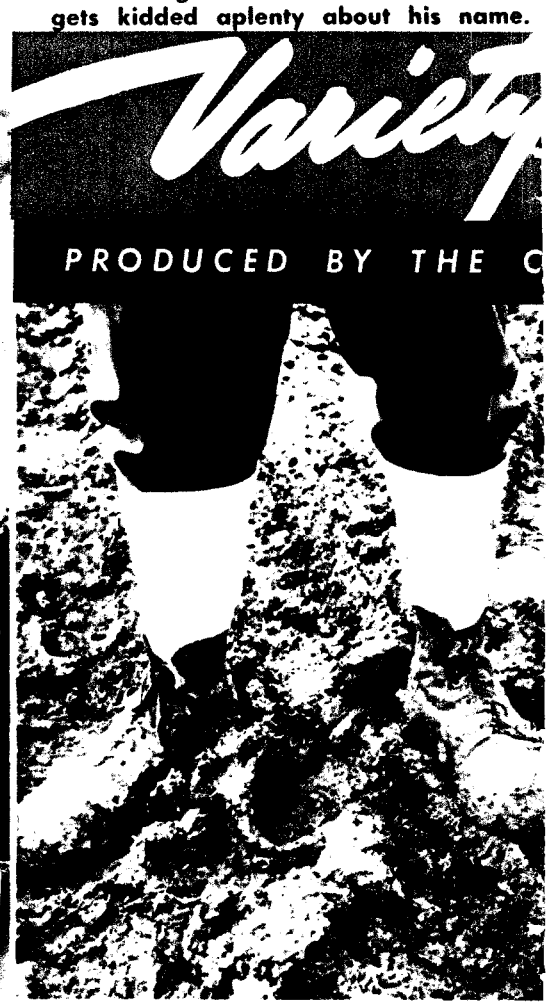
FERRY LINE. U.S. advance units in New Guinea crossed stream in assault boat before engineers built bridge.

THE BAZOOKA. Once a "secret weapon," this new gun first showed up, with good effect, in Tunisia. Manned by two, it fires rocket-like shell. This training picture also shows carbine.

GENERAL PFC. Pfc. General John J. Pershing Chesser of Lubbock, Tex., gets kidded aplenty about his name.

SPRING STYLE. Georgette Walker, model, takes advantage of California sun, and probably California eyes.

LUCKY GI. Pvt. Joseph Smoocha of Chicago, Ill., is the fortunate man in this Red Cross club somewhere in England, where they have thought up a new way of being good to soldiers.



AFRICAN FASHIONS. Tucking the trousers into the socks helps to keep off some of the mud in Tunisia.

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MENDING. All Ann Miller, Columbia dancing star, needs to do is to touch up her "stockings" with a puff.

Marines in Camp Pendleton, Calif., do push-ups the hard way; in the air, hands and heels together.

GOOD RELATIONS. Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of Tarzan, gives a cigarette to a Pacific island native.

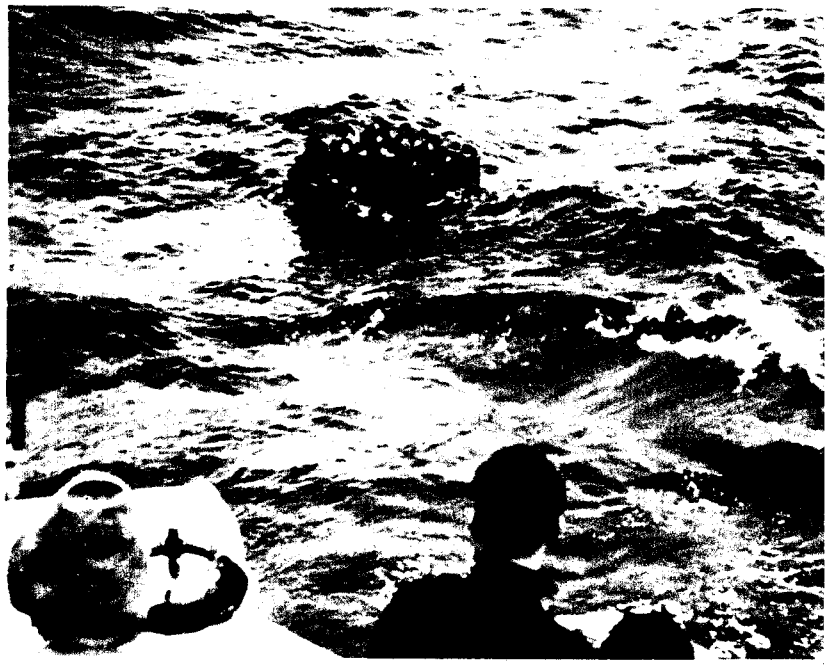
"PIE WAGON." Some Yanks in Tunisia bring 'em in in a jeep. These Italian prisoners, captured during the Allied advance, don't seem to be as happy about it as some.

Show

MERAS OF THE WORLD

HOME NEWS. Dorothy Mitcham, WAAC, at Fort Washington, Md., feels fine after getting 27 letters while ill.

TROPICAL DRESS. New GI uniform for hot places has twill shorts and shirt, fibre helmet, cotton stockings.



ATLANTIC RESCUE. A U.S. Coast Guard cutter sighted this raft crowded with 16 men near exhaustion. Their ship had been torpedoed by a Nazi sub. Here the rescue is made.

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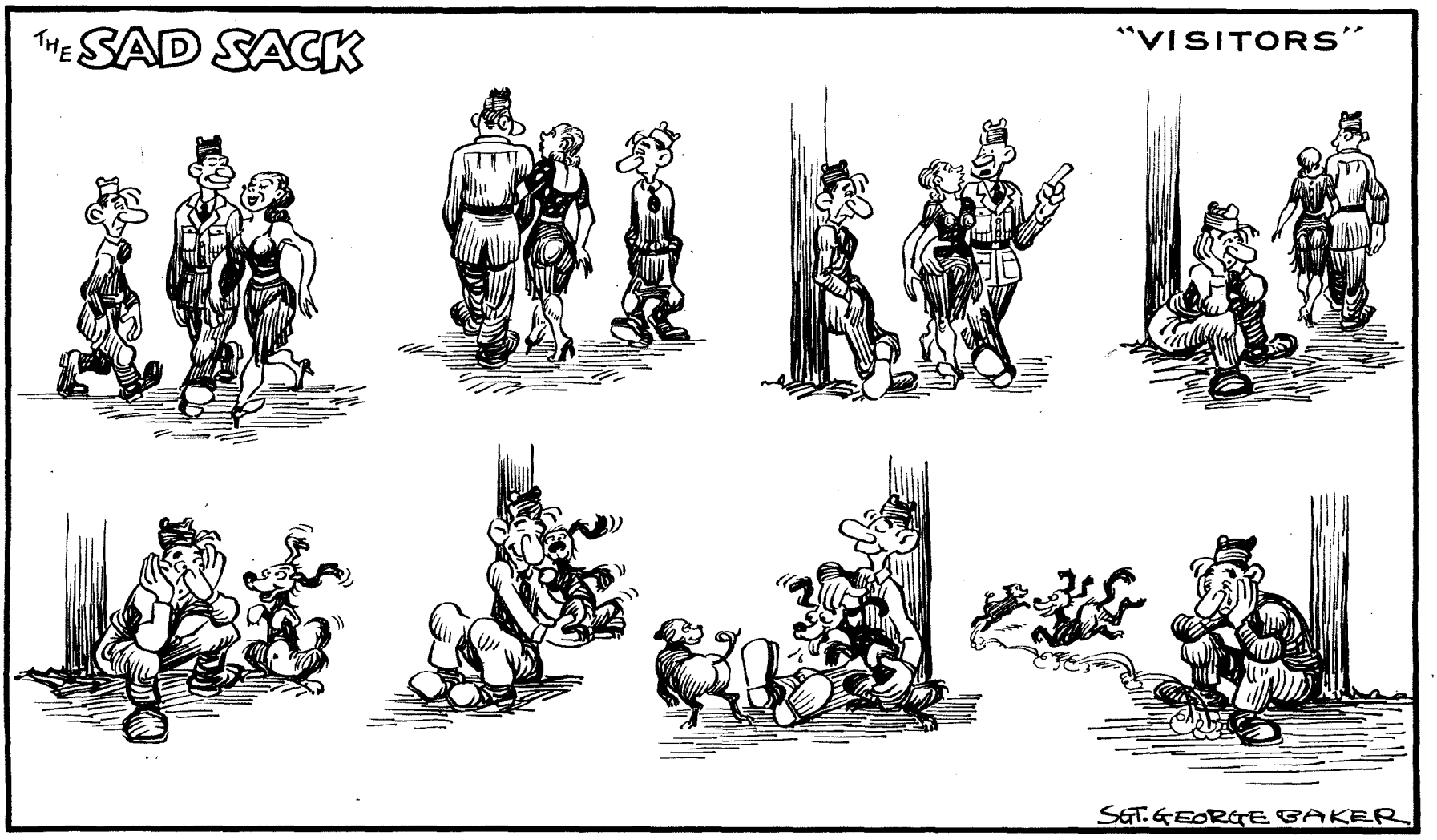


STRENGTH REPORT (LAST RESORT)

Down in steaming Moresby,
They still bomb it just for sport,
I'm sweating and I'm worrying
Over a screwed-up strength report.

Now I'm the guy that's supposed to know
Where every outfit is—
Where they are, how many there are
And what the hell's their biz.

Before I lie down to sleep at night,
I first get down and pray:
Make that strength report be right,
Oh, Lord, help me today!

Although I know the darn thing's wrong,
There's no use for me to cry,
And neither do I sing a song
When the ratings pass me by.

Now, how I got these corporal's stripes
I'm sure that I don't know,
And I won't be so much surprised
To see this rating go.

When I turn in the strength report
The major smiles with glee;
He knows it's wrong before it starts
And he brings it back to me.

Tomorrow's Monday once again
And I'll try it one more day,
Then if I'm short just 15 men
I'll go jump in the bay.

—Cpl. DUDLEY E. BRAMBLETTE
New Guinea

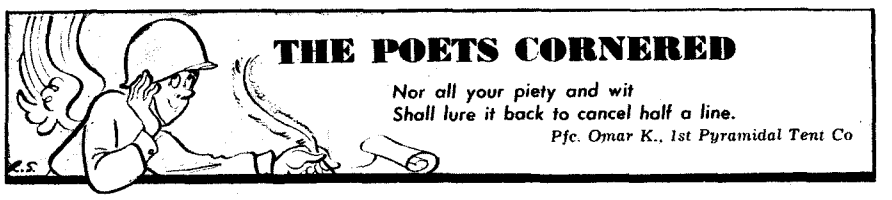
GAS

This is the odor of our blood,
The fragrance of our breath
That burns the nostrils of our foes;
This is death.

Dimensional and infinite,
This lightness bears a weight
To crush their breasts and well defines
The circumference of our hate.

There is a hand upon this mist
Beneath this yellow sky,
And who shall lift their eyes to us—
They shall die.

—Cpl. LESTER EWING
634d CA (AA), Seattle, Wash.



GI MUFFETT

Little Miss Muffett sat on her tuffet
Eating her curds and whey;
A German came by her and sat down beside her—
Period. (She was a booby trap.)

—1st Sgt. LUMAN S. NUTTER
Fort Taylor, Key West, Fla.

MY FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS

I had a little horse
And his name was Chief,
But now he's on the menu
As barbecued beef.

I had another little pony
And his name was Sam,
But now he's disguised
As sugar-cured ham.

So it's ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust;
If the glue factory didn't get them,
Then the butcher must.

—T/Sgt. RICHARD K. GREENE
Morrison Field, Fla.

NOMECLATURE OF AAF DETAIL

Guys in the Air Force no longer are Joes,
We're mess attendants, as everyone knows;
Though we peel and we scrub like other GIs,
We're mess attendants who fly through the skies.

Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery men
Wind up on KP again and again,
But we of the Air Force, though we don't get it less,
Are perfumed and polished *attendants de mess.*

And while we are at it, we may as well blush,
Our latrine orderlies are *attendants de flush.*

—Pvt. CHARLES LEHMAN
Lowry Field, Colo.

FAMILY ALBUM—1960

Dear father, is that your martyred demean—
The one with the visage that's slightly green?
How pale and worn you seem to be;
What a horrible wound is "housemaid's knee."

Now, really, did you go over the top
Armed only with that trusty mop?
I'll bet the enemy saw his doom
When you charged him with your deadly broom.

Are tanks and mortars hard to bag
With a bar of soap and a dirty rag?
A strategic point must be hard to defend
When your only weapon's a "plumber's friend."

At the risk of arousing paternal ire
I'd venture to say, my valiant sire,
From the pottery background plainly seen
You fought the war inside a latrine.

—Sgt. W. C. ALLISON
Camp Wolters, Tex.

ME GUSTIBUS

I like the new field rations,
I honestly do,
With unaccountable passions
For salads and stew;
There's a tang in a ham hock,
A thrill in smoked butts . . . .
Hey! Don't go away, doc,
I'll convince you I'm nuts.

—Pfc. IRVING KRAUT
Gowen Field, Idaho

"My big brother says it's different when the other fellow has a gun, too."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson, Australia

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MESSAGE CENTER

Sgt. Alton C. Elwood, Band 249th, CA, Fort Stevens, Oreg., wants to get 21st Inf. Regt. insignia in an exchange. . . . Anyone who knows what happened to **Pvt. Norman E. Whitehead,** stationed at Clark Field, Bataan, in April 1942, please write **Pvt. Howard Cummings,** Co. D, 124th Inf., Fort Benning, Ga. . . . **Pvt. Vince Pocase** wants his friends overseas to know his new address: 367 TTS, Bks. 283, Scott Field, Ill. . . . **Pfc. Charles V. Orr,** Hd. Co. 7th Repl. Dep., NO Staging Area, New Orleans, La., wants to make contact with friends from Charlotte, N. C., and especially those who worked for Barnwell Bros. motor freight warehouse. . . . It's important that **Lt. Jud T. Brady** write to **S/Sgt. Earl K. Monroe,** 91st Obsn. Sq. AAF, Godman Field, Fort Knox, Ky. . . . Will the men of the old **118th QM Regt. 43d Div.** write **Lt. A. R. Nevelle,** AAF, La Corona Hotel, Miami Beach, Fla.? . . . **Pvt. Joseph Leaver** of Waltham (Mass.) TD Div., send your correct address to **Cpl. Frank T. Velardo,** 407 Trng. Gp. PP, Miami Beach, Fla.

It's urgent that **Pvt. Wesley F. Smith,** with the Marines overseas, write **A/C Joseph F. Ward,** AAFCC, SAACC, Sq. 106th Flt., San Antonio, Tex. . . . **Cpl. Robert J. Hill,** Btry. H, 241st CS (HD), Fort Standish, Mass., wants to hear from **Tech. Bill Shugart** who returned from Australia to attend OCS in the States. . . . **Pfc. Lloyd Holgersen,** 505 Prcht. Inf. Med. Det., 82d A/B Div., Fort Bragg, N. C., wants news from **Pvt. Roy Hilton,** who was stationed at Kodiak, Alaska. . . . **Cpl. R. C. Jack,** 91st Sig. Co., Camp White, Oreg., wants to know what happened to **Charles P. Gough** when he left Santa Ana, Calif. . . . Anyone knowing the location of **Donald Sealey** please get in touch with **Cpl. James A. Gasser,** Co. D, 504th Prcht. Inf., Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . **S/Sgt. J. C. Lawrence** lost his purse when his company spent the night at Fort George G. Meade, Md. If anyone found it please notify Lawrence at Cler. Co., 111th Med. Bn., Camp Edwards, Mass. . . . If **Joe Vera,** mentioned in an April issue of YANK, was a member of Don Pedro's band, will he send his address to **Cpl. C. L. Mason,** 301 Inf., Co. G, Camp Phillips, Kans.?

Pvt. Joseph I. Barkus, Btry. A, 15th FA Bn., Camp McCoy, Wis., wants his friends from Worcester, Mass., to write. . . . **Pvt. Sol Sackman,** Co. G, 12th QM TR, Camp Lee, Va., has news for his brother, **Pfc. Morris Sackman,** who left for overseas duty but hasn't written yet. . . . **Pvt. Melvin Wilder,** Maint. Co., 41st AR, 11th AD, Camp Polk, La., wants news from his brothers, **Edgar Wilder,** USN; **Nelson Wilder,** CAC; **Beverly E. Wilder,** FA. . . . **S/Sgt. Martin W. Kinsella,** 438th Base Hq. and AB Sq., Newark AAB, Newark, N. J., wants to hear from **S/Sgt. Francis L. Goode,** formerly at Sheppard Field, Tex. . . . **Pvt. Andy Sousa,** Det. Med. Dept., Sp. AD Air Dep. Sta., Spokane, Wash., wants to hear from two friends in the Navy, **Joe Andrews** and **Tommy Sousa.** . . . It's important that **Sgt. Thomas Sheridian** write to **Pvt. Harry J. Rice,** Btry. C, 161 CA Bn. (AA), Camp Haan, Calif. . . . Will **Merle Bloomfield** please write to **Cpl. L. Ervin,** Co. C, 719th Ry. Opn. Bn., Fort Sam Houston, Tex.?

Pvt. John P. Dobek, Barnes Gen. Hosp., Ward 35, Vancouver, Wash., sends best wishes to **Jacob Szolkowski,** somewhere in N. Africa. . . . **Sgt. Tobin,** 245 Hq. Btry., Fort Hancock, N. J., hasn't heard from his brother, **Pvt. John Tobin,** stationed in Bermuda, for 15 months. . . . Will **Arthur Thieberger** write to **Pvt. Alfred H. Thieberger,** Hq. and Hq. Btry., 5th FA Trng. Rgt., Fort Bragg, N. C.? . . . Will **Pvt. Jerry Bair** in the AAF, Australia, send his address to **Cpl. Fred F. Kaiser,** Co. E, 415th Inf., Camp Adair, Oreg.? . . . **Cpl. Thomas W. Dolan,** 96th Base Hq. and AB Sq., Columbia AAB, Columbia, S. C., sends his greetings to his friends serving in the 1st Div. Co. B, 16th Inf., somewhere in Africa. . . . **Pvt. Thaddeus Pawlak,** Co. L, 113th Inf., Eatontown, N. J., will exchange Army insignia if collectors will write him. . . . **Pvt. Anthony F. Asprea** wants his uncle, **Pfc. Michael Masi,** stationed in England, to know he's been in the Signal Corps for six months and his new address is: Co. C, 9th Bn., 3d Trng. Regt., SPRD, Greenville, Pa.

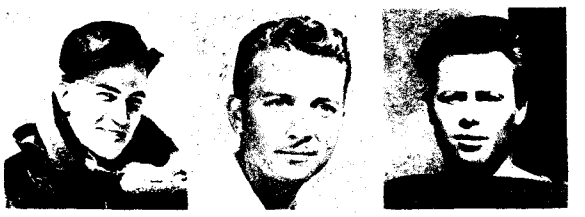
James Cofer, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, please write **Pvt. Curtis O. Canups,** Co. I, 1st Prcht. TR, Fort Benning, Ga. . . . **T/Sgt. Marvin (Rip) Henderson,** 874th CMI Co., Will Rogers Field, Okla., would like to hear from some of his pals who went to Australia in 1941. . . . **A. A. Wynne ACMM,** USNAS, Anacostia, D. C., sends best wishes to **M/Sgt. Hervey E. Noyes,** somewhere in England, an old friend who he's missed seeing in the past few years. . . . **S/Sgt. Ralph Behar,** 41st B Hq. and AB Sq., Geiger Field, Wash., would like to hear from his pals in the 365th Bomb. Sq., 305th Bomb. Gp. . . . **Cpl. Marty Bergman,** 89th Gen. Hosp., Charleston, S. C., is anxious to hear from his brother, **Lewis Bergman,** Alaska, who hasn't written for three months. . . . **Pvt. Robert C. Hallberg,** Hq. Co., Recp. Cen., Camp Shelby, Miss., invites insignia collectors to send 10 of one kind for which he will send 10 different ones. Will also swap in lots of one.

Sgt. William G. Gray, 30th Sig. Co., Camp Blanding, Fla., wants to remind **Lt. Joseph A. Butler,** overseas with the AAF, of the good times they had in Baltimore and that he'd like to hear from him. . . . **Pvt. Alvin Farrar,** Ward 5, Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver, Colo., would like to get in touch with all his friends formerly at Camp Roberts, Calif., and Fort Benning, Ga. . . . **B. W. Minshall F3c,** Bks. A, VW, NYS, Dearborn, Mich., would like to hear from his father, **Pvt. Bernard Minshall,** overseas. . . . **Pvt. Murray Bernstein,** Med. Det., 180th Inf., Camp Pickett, Va., wants news from **Pvt. Jack Katz** who was stationed at Miami Beach, Fla. . . . **A/C Edward R. Hickerson,** AAF, AFS, Marianna, Fla., wants to hear from **Pvt. Marshall G. Murphy** and old members of M Co., 185th Inf.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Ryba *Bucci* *Sterling*

Sgt. Louis J. Ryba of Columbus, Nebr., is a company clerk at an air depot in India and wishes he had some of the cool breeze his brother, Sgt. Frank H. Ryba, is enjoying in Alaska. "Here, we sweat out the war literally and figuratively," he tells Frank. . . . **Pfc. Florindo D. (Butch) Bucci,** San Juan, Puerto Rico, wants to hear from his brother, Pvt. Angelo C. Bucci, somewhere in the Middle East. He says: "Dear Li'l (as in 'Li'l Abner'): How about writing more often? Everything is okay at home." . . . **Pvt. Clarence A. Sterling,** Puerto Rico, wants to hear from Lt. George Maxwell, with the AAF in Egypt. "Best regards and convey my bullets to Rommel," he says.



Lafferty *Schram* *Van Vleet*

From his Alaskan air base, **Cpl. James A. Lafferty** reminds T/5 Vernon Zeller in Egypt: "Meet me on the 50-yard line at the University of Dayton Stadium for the Miami game in '44." . . . **Albert Schram Ylc,** of the Port Director's Office, USNAB, FPO 502, San Francisco, Calif., wants his friend, Robert C. Mitchell, somewhere in the Army, to write. "The Navy is swell," he tells Mitchell. . . . **Pvt. Harold Van Vleet** in Alaska would like to swap ends of the Pacific with his brother, Pfc. Morris Van Vleet. "Then," says Harold, "I'd let you shiver for a while."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

I don't know where S.E. got his information to write about us Mule Packers [in a January issue], but I *can* say that he is all wet, and I do mean wet. I am an ex-infantryman myself, but I decided some time ago to transfer into a man's outfit, namely the Pack Artillery. On every occasion we have had contact with the Infantry, we have outmarched them, outdrilled them and also outfought them. Records will show that this outfit walked a total of 30 odd miles in rain and sleet leading our beloved mules through the wilds of Georgia in 1940. We also have to our credit some 600 miles on the Carolina maneuvers in 1941. If any more records are required to test our stamina, write the man in Washington who knows and I am quite sure that he can prove these statements. If not, there is one battalion overseas which can.

—**T/5 JOHN C. SKEEN***

Mule Packers Association, South Pacific

*Letter also signed by T/4 Otis Davis and Cpl. Frank H. Hursey.

Dear YANK:

Here is something straight from the horse's mouth. The Sad Sack, than whom there is no sorrier person, is stationed on the Alcan Highway. He was having trouble as usual when I snapped this picture. The woodcarving [*see below*] was done by yours truly.

—**Pvt. VAUGHN KENDRICK**

Alaska

Dear YANK:

On your Mail Call page [in an April issue], I read four letters from four different soldiers and after them an answer. The whole five of you are wrong. For your information and theirs: the guns mentioned are definitely not .50 or .30 caliber but are caliber .50 or caliber .30. There is a distinct difference when the word "caliber" is placed before or after the number, and in this case it should be before the number.

—**Pvt. OTTO F. ROEHM JR.**

Camp Chaffee, Ark.

Dear YANK:

Most people have the mistaken idea that all military policemen are men in limited service or are unfit for field duty. This idea is extremely erroneous and should be corrected. I therefore suggest that in order to distinguish between combat Military Police and the non-combatants or limited servicemen, that the latter (in Zone of Interior outfits) be given an official name, such as Zone of Interior Police. Our job in combat is an important one. We handle all traffic in the combat zone, which includes food, ammunition, guns and medical supplies for troops on the front. We also establish a prisoner-of-war stockade, a straggler line, and control occupied towns and cities.

—**Sgt. OSCAR LEVINSON**

Overseas

Dear YANK:

The Coast Guard issue is a bang-up job. You have succeeded in presenting the major work of the service in an intelligent and absorbingly interesting fashion. Every one of the articles was well-handled. The pictures and features were likewise excellent. Please express the thanks of the Coast Guard to all the writers and the others who worked on the issue.

—**R. R. WAESCHE**
Vice Admiral, U. S. Coast Guard
Commandant

Dear YANK:

The article [in an April issue of YANK] entitled "The Supply Sergeant" by S/Sgt. Fred C. Buse of Camp Butner, N. C., really interested me very much. I spent six weeks in their Second Army Personnel Pooling Center, and I don't think I have ever seen a camp that exchanged as many items of issue as that place did. On an average of every third day we would have a clothing check and anything that was missing, or was too big or too small, or was worn out or otherwise unusable, was turned in for salvage. Anyone who did not have the proper amount of good clothing could blame no one but himself. . . . I would appreciate hearing from any of the fellows who were there with me.

—**Pvt. FRED BURKE**

Camp Young, Calif.

Dear YANK:

I have just finished reading your very touching article "The Supply Sergeant." I think a better name for it would be "Everyone in the Army picks on me." I suggest that Sgt. Buse take his troubles to the chaplain. If this doesn't work, I think it would be a very good idea if the Army issued supply sergeants nice big heavy duty towels so they could cry to their hearts content.

—**Cpl. W. E. MILET**

Port Angeles, Wash.

Dear YANK:

Being an ardent reader of YANK, I recently read an article on supply sergeants written by S/Sgt. Fred C. Buse, and, being a supply sergeant myself, I fully agree with him on all the horrors and misery depicted in his theme.

—**S/Sgt. JOHNNIE WOODS**

Wayne County Airport, Romulus, Mich.

Dear YANK:

About overseas mail regulations, you hit the nail on the head with your 7-point program. It's a 100-percent morale booster.

—**PETER COCCHIO**

Trinidad

Dear YANK:

There is already a slight friction between the Army and Navy out here, but what do you think will happen when they stop letting the Army boys get packages from home while the sailors and marines continue getting them? It doesn't make us very happy to know there are some people in the good old United States who would pass a bill discriminating between the branches of service like the one that restricts the mailing of packages to men overseas except to the Navy, Coast Guard and Marines. The fact that the Army has post exchanges around the camps to supply their men with the things they need is a gross misstatement. We have one where we are stationed, but we are lucky if we can get a bar of soap now and then.

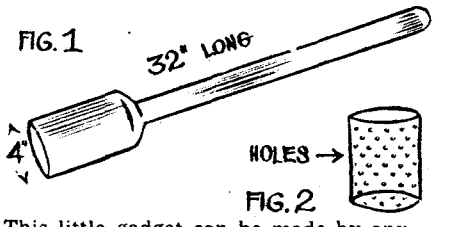
—**Pfc. JAMES Z. HAYES**
and 10 other enlisted men

New Hebrides

■ In the last four issues YANK has proposed a new plan to the APO in Washington which would cure this.

Dear YANK:

I soldiered in Camp Wheeler, Ga., with the 11th Battalion and the 43d Infantry Division. I wish to pass on to all others in the service this idea for those who do their own laundry. The plunger as shown in Fig. 1 [*below*] is made of soft wood. Fig. 2 is made by perforating a No. 2 tomato or fruit can, rough edges inside, then nailing bottom of can to wide end of plunger. This leaves the top open where cover was removed and two smooth compartments for soap (to create suds).



This little gadget can be made by anyone in a few moments and with a little elbow grease.

—**Cpl. ROBERT D. BROCK**
"Turn The Crank Jimmie"

Fort Barrancas, Fla.

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EVENING MORNING REPORT

HOLLYWOOD. Know a civilian who is 23 years old and 5 feet 2 inches tall? Paramount wants him to play the part of a jockey in "Three on a Rainbow." . . . Jane Russell, the girl most sailors would like to have waiting for them in every port, is the bride of Bob Waterfield, UCLA football player. Jane's boss, the millionaire eccentric Howard Hughes, has threatened to buy a chain of theaters so that sailors—and others—may see Jane in her one and only movie, "The Outlaw." The Hays office has frowned upon the film as too sexy. . . . A woman from Indiana recently ordered $100 worth of pin-ups of Buck Jones, cowboy star killed in Boston's Cocoanut Grove fire. . . . Candy Jones, the goo-goo girl, is the latest New York model to go Hollywood. She has signed with Sam Goldwyn. . . . Desi Arnez, the Conga-dancing husband of Lucille Ball, has passed his Army physical. . . . Howard Hawks' new picture, "Battle Cry," will have a cast headed by Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Bette Davis, Ida Lupino, Humphrey Bogart, John Garfield and George Raft.

Jane Russell married Bob Waterfield.

BROADWAY. Seven thousand hep cats, wearing zoot suits and rolled socks, broke a policeman's ribs and a plate glass window on Broadway while cramming into the Paramount Theatre when Harry James and his band opened. . . . Dooley Wilson, who sang "As Time Goes By" in the movie "Casablanca," is still singing it—in a Greenwich Village night spot. "As Time Goes By" has become the first revival song to top the 300,000 mark in sheet sales since "Oh, Johnny." . . . Gypsy Rose Lee, the well-known intellectual, is writing one show, "Ghost in the Woodpile," while starring in another, "Star and Garter." Gypsy's sister, June Havoc, will do some teasing herself as a burly queen in the film, "Hi Diddle Diddle." She got the part after Lupe Velez and Constance Bennett turned it down. . . . Duke Ellington is writing a "Concerto for Oscar" (Levant).

BETWEEN THE COASTS. Because of the rubber shortage, Sally Rand is using last year's bubbles at Chicago's Brown Derby. . . . Don Chester and his band are playing in Miami, Morton Downey is singing in Washington, Julie Haydon is acting in Pittsburgh, Fats Waller opens soon in Philadelphia and Tommy Dorsey is succeeding Horace Heidt at the Minneapolis Orpheum.

Maureen O'Hara

"She looks like the kind of a girl you'd like to marry," said someone about the Irish lass on the opposite page. It might be added that she also looks like the kind of a girl you like to look at. Maureen's latest picture is RKO Radio's "This Land Is Mine."

BOOKS IN WARTIME

PRINCIPLES OF WAR

By Carl von Clausewitz

Gen. von Clausewitz's "Principles of War" were three: 1) Heroic decisions in battle are based upon reasonable conclusions arrived at beforehand. 2) Successful generals always familiarize themselves with the thought of defeat. 3) No military leader has ever become great without audacity. Von Clausewitz, greatest of the theorists of war, wrote this book more than 100 years ago and it is as pertinent today as it ever was. This edition, a condensation of his famous *"Vom Kriege,"* was ably translated and edited by Hans W. Gatze. [*The Military Service Publishing Company.*]

WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY

By John T. Whitaker

John T. Whitaker, a capable, far-sighted reporter, starts this book with a dedication to his brother, an Army surgeon who enlisted before Pearl Harbor because he saw that the U. S. "cannot escape history." In the subsequent chapters, Whitaker walks down the road to war with byway stops in Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Great Britain, the Soviet Union and Japan. What emerges on his pages is a stirring, vivid picture of the inside of a war and a valid appraisal of our part in the fight. [*The Macmillan Company.*]

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE

By John Lardner

"If we're going to Australia, the beer is warm," a photographer named Kirkland told John Lardner as the two of them stood on the deck of a ship in a west bound convoy. "What if we don't go to Australia?" said Lardner. "If we don't go to Australia," said Kirkland, "I don't know how the hell the beer is." Lardner went to Australia all right, and he brought back the best humored book yet to come out of this war. You won't find many hysterics in "Southwest Passage" and you won't find many dull pages, either. [*J. B. Lippincott Company.*]

THE LAST DAYS OF SEVASTOPOL

By Boris Voyetekhov

On July 14, 1942, the Red Navy cutter *Papinin* landed at an eastern Black Sea port. "She was mastless. Her bridge had been shot away, and her sides were riddled." On her deck were the last of the Soviet soldiers, sailors, marines and civilians who had held Sevastopol against overwhelming German forces for eight months during one of the bloodiest military sieges in history. In simple, moving prose Voyetekhov, a Russian reporter, describes the last three weeks of the siege. An inspiring story of a fighting ally, brilliantly translated by Ralph Parker of the New York *Times.* [*Alfred A. Knopf.*]

IN PEACE JAPAN BREEDS WAR

By Gustav Eckstein

There is little in these delicately written sketches of life in pre-war Japan to indicate how Japan breeds war. Instead Dr. Eckstein attempts to penetrate the subtleties of the Japanese mind, comes off second best. GIs in New Guinea or Guadalcanal would not recognize the polite and art-loving Japs described here. The author asks us to treat the Japs with "knowledge, imagination, and even sympathy" after we smash them. He doesn't say how they would treat us if they should win. [*Harper & Brothers.*]

Word Square

The word square is the father of the crossword puzzle. Though miniature in size, it's lots of fun.

When correctly filled out, the square will show the same words horizontally as vertically.

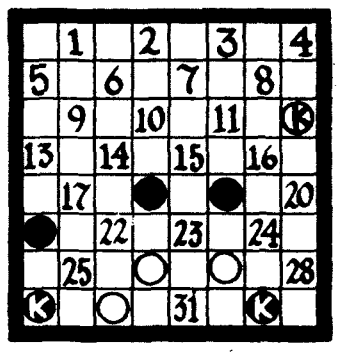
A few letters have been thrown in free to get you off to a good start. Go to it!

ACROSS AND DOWN

1. Civvy summer bonnet
2. Worthless, offensive thing (slang)
3. Unyielding
4. Mimicking
5. To crowd in

	1	2	3	4	5
1					W
2		R			
3			G		
4				N	
5	W				

CHECKER STRATEGY



WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

WHITE is a piece behind. Furthermore, the Black king on 32 threatens to steal another White checker.

Yet, with all these strikes piled up against him, White can force a win. Your problem is to determine how.

Before checking your analysis with the solution on page 22, number the playing squares of your board as shown above.

Letter Division

REMEMBER long division the way we learned it at public school? Well, here's a new take-off on it. A long-division problem has been accurately worked out and then *letters* substituted for the numbers, a different letter for each digit.

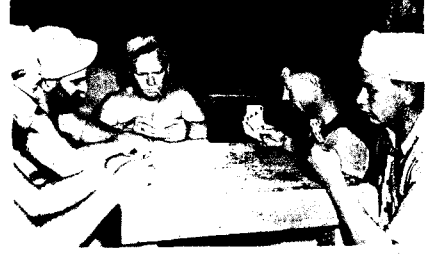
Your job is to reconstruct the original problem from what clues you can dig up in the substitution. For example: Since N minus N equals Y, then Y must be zero.

This puzzle is by no means a cinch but it's a swell brain sharpener and a good test of your arithmetical logic.

When you do crack it, arrange the substituted letters in the order of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. They will spell out a 10-letter word.

```
          N B P K
R A B | B U R N U R K
        B R U N
          C Y U
          R A B
          N T R R
          N U K P
            A Y T K
            A Y T K
```

COMPANY STREET



Desert session. An evening of poker at Blythe Army Air Base, Calif. The handholders are Pvt. Charles Jurin, Pvt. Roger Lambert, Pfc. Robert Gerst, Pvt. John Karpinski and Pvt. Jim Leitch. From the lack of money on the table, this game must have been held near the end of the month.

NAMES. "I'm tired of fighting for Japan," writes Pvt. James C. Bradshaw, **Camp Wheeler,** Ga., to his home folks at Japan, N. C. "Can't you change its name to something American?" . . . There's one guy at the **Sampson** (N. Y.) **Naval Training Base** whose name has saved him from getting a lot of extra duty. He is Nicholas Vandervoortmaarschalk AS. . . . Marine brothers taking boot training at **Parris Island,** S. C., are Pvts. Max and Leonard Antinazi. . . . At the **New Cumberland** (Pa.) **Army Reception Center,** Pvt. Andrew Mussoline (pronounced like Il Duce's name) says he would like to meet his namesake with an M1. . . . Dogfaces at **Camp Sibert,** Ala., salute 2d Lt. D. C. Fuerher.

CHOW. Pfc. Robert Todhunter, **Fort Bliss,** Tex., is mess cook for the Army's real chow hounds; he takes care of the chow for the K-9 Command, the GI dogs of war. . . . Most popular guy in his company at **Fort Riley,** Kans., is Pvt. Ray (Pie Man) Perry. He owns a pie business back home at Rochester, N. Y. Every time Perry gets a large package his buddies loosen their belts and smack their lips. . . . Lt. Lilbert O. Sparks, on mess inspection at **Marianna** (Fla.) **Air Base,** bit into an oyster, found a pearl.

COMPANY. For six straight days Pvt. James R. Foore, of Gen. Patton's **Second Army Corps,** kept open house in a slit trench dug into a Tunisian hillside. Visitors kept plopping in whenever a Heinie shell dropped nearby, were welcomed by Foore with "Glad to have you. Kinda breaks the monotony." . . . Coast Guards 2d Class Firemen Dominick Vilardi, Jimmy Searle, Aaron Gabrille and James Pledger, while practicing on maneuvers in **Scotland,** saw a big castle guarded closely by the Scotch Black Watch. "Let's see that shanty," said Dominick. So the four CGs sneaked through the guard, knocked at the castle door and were welcomed by the 70-year-old Duke of Argyll. They were treated to fish and chips and wound up their visit singing jive numbers while the Duke warbled Italian operatic arias. Said castle-crasher Vilardi: "The old duck was tickled pink."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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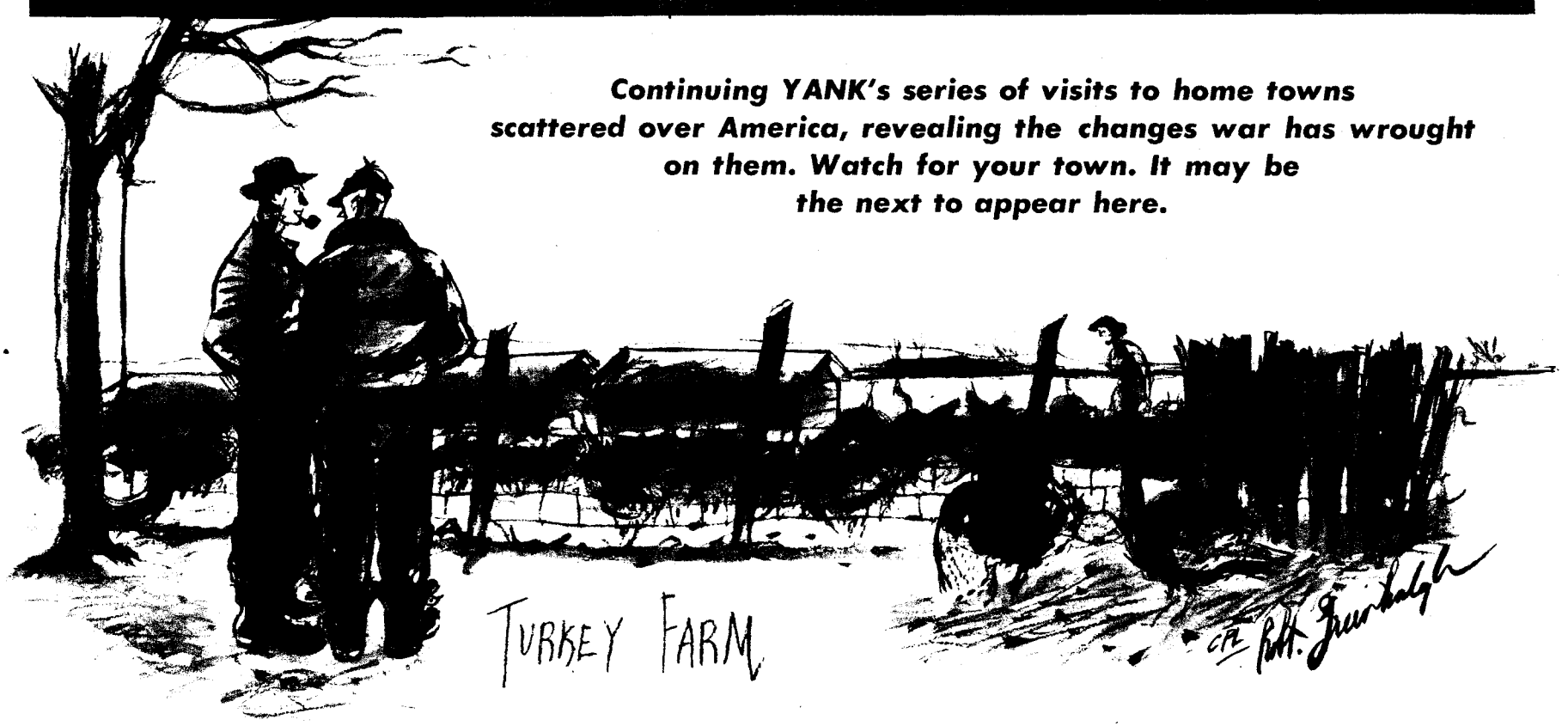
HOME TOWNS IN WAR TIME

WILLMAR, Minn.

Continuing YANK's series of visits to home towns scattered over America, revealing the changes war has wrought on them. Watch for your town. It may be the next to appear here.



By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

WILLMAR, MINN.—Like 90 percent of its population, this town is big, blond, stolid and Scandinavian.

Its neat white houses and wide streets are spread over a broad area on the borderline between prairie and lake country, which is much like northern Sweden. Its telephone book is filled with Johnsons, Hansens, and Svensons. It is neither rich nor poor. Its politics are Farmer-Labor and pro-Roosevelt. It is hard-working, thrifty, ponderous. It is slow to anger. But when its anger is aroused, watch out.

In this way, Willmar is much like the bone-crushing football teams Bernie Bierman used to turn out at the University of Minnesota.

It is also a like a Norwegian flyer named Olaf with whom I had dinner once in Canada. All through the meal, Olaf was the picture of restrained joviality. Then someone mentioned Trondheim, where his mother and two sisters had been killed. Olaf's fingers tightened on his heavy drinking glass. A second later, it shattered in his hand.

That's the way Willmar is.

Only Willmar hasn't gotten really mad yet. The front lines are far away from this pleasant little junction on the Great Northern Railroad. Fourteen hundred men have gone into the armed forces from Kandiyohi County, most of them subtracted from Willmar's population of 7,600. But there have been virtually no casualties among them thus far, and many of the farm boys are still home. So the loss of the men is not yet too keenly felt.

There is no dimout, you can still get two squares of butter with your meal in the restaurants, and the coffee is still flowing freely. The Scandinavians are a great coffee-drinking people. For the slightest reason, such as a spurt of business or the baby showing signs of becoming housebroken, they will drop what they are doing and rush to the Lakeland Coffee Shop for a cup of coffee. Mayor Martin Leaf and Sheriff Paul Anderson are the most prodigious coffee drinkers in town. Sheriff Anderson, in fact, has been able to maintain his proud average of 20 cups a day. To satisfy such customers as these, the grocers laid in huge reserves of coffee, months before rationing was instituted. That is why the shortage has not been felt yet.

Litchfield Avenue and Fourth Street are still crowded with farmers and their families on Saturdays. To save gas, they shop in the afternoon, then stay to see a movie at the Willmar or State Theater (called, respectively, "The New One" and "The Old One" by the inhabitants). The Tulip Shop is still crowded every day with kids drinking cokes and eating fudge sundaes. They are, however, mostly girls and small fry.

The only familiar male figure around the Tulip Shop is Ronnie Haugen, who never quite recovered from the infantile paralysis attack he suffered as a child. Ronnie watched the others go and tried to enlist. When all the services turned him down, he took up telegraphy at the railroad yards, hoping that might develop into something. He hangs around the Tulip Shop now, acting as a sort of sage for the kids and reflecting loneliness in his eyes.

"Lucky Strike green has gone to war," he says, with a forced smile. "I'm the Lucky Strike white that's left behind."

The busy railroad yards have a $125,000 monthly pay roll. All the old timers have been called back, and many of the girls have gone to work there. The crops were hard hit by a terrific windstorm last September, followed by a 6-inch snow which canceled the Willmar-Marshall football game. Before winter was over, there had been 52 inches of snow. But $50,000 worth of furs were trapped during December alone, and turkey-raising blossomed into a major industry. The American people have become great eaters of turkey since meat-rationing arrived, and Willmar turned out to be as good a place as any to raise the gobblers. Ole Hustoft, who cleaned up on his turkey profits this year, still can't understand it. "I plant good corn," he says, "and I lose money. I raise good healthy silver foxes, and I don't make a cent. Now I take in these damn noise-makers and just let them run around the yard—and the money comes pouring in."

The Puritan Cafe has been completely remodeled, with pictures of airplanes all over the walls. A new office building has gone up on the site of the Willmar Hospital. Old Andrew Larson celebrated his 102d birthday by inviting everyone over for coffee and then informing them at great length how he personally master-minded Sherman's March to the Sea. Ice-fishing was good last winter, and Green Lake and Eagle Lake were dotted with fish houses. Louie Halvorson is still the conservation warden, and his principal duty is pacifying people who complain to him when the mink or raccoon raise hell with their chickens.

The west end of town is still the west end, and the north end is still across the tracks. Art Dalien's pool parlor and Barney Shine's sports hang-out are half-filled but functioning. The Boston Cafe closed when the county refused to renew its beer license. Thursday night is still dance night at nearby Spicer. And Saturday night is still making-the-rounds night when you go to the Bungalow Cafe in Kandiyohi for coke, peanuts and juke box, then to Spicer for coke, peanuts and juke box, and finally back to the Puritan Cafe for coke, peanuts and juke box. Only everyone goes in crowds now to make up for the deficiencies in males and gasoline.

If you have a date to yourself, the principal parking places are still the golf course and Robbins Island (just outside of town in Foot Lake and connected to the mainland by a dirt road). The island, otherwise known as Mosquito Paradise, was recently converted into a park—with benches, grates, rest rooms and a gate. This has made little difference in its normal activities, however. When one couple was locked in by mistake late one night, they got out simply by knocking the gate down and driving through.

The high-school teams, as usual, ended up in the cellar of the West Central Minnesota Conference. The league basketball schedule was canceled altogether because of transportation difficulties, and the schools were allowed to book independent games only with teams along the railroad line. The great championship baseball team in the Corn Belt League was wrecked by the draft, and pitcher Dick Selvig, who was headed for the majors, ended up at Camp Edwards, Mass., instead. The great softball team from Coffee John's Cafe also was wrecked by the draft; pitcher Eldon Matson is now at Camp Wallace, Tex.

Little by little, things are beginning to change around the town. Naval enlistments (strangely popular in landlocked mid-Western towns) are on the rise. WAAC and WAVE enlistments are increasing. The Amundsen and Evans Chevrolet Agency has hired all the unemployed garage mechanics in town, and they are using the back rooms to manufacture small bomber parts, while the cars in the show window gather dust. The Vinje Lutheran Church recently dedicated a service flag with 77 stars. More and more citizens are soberly attending Lyle Mack's welding classes at Parson's blacksmith shop and Kenneth Thompson's sheet metal classes behind the police station.

In its quiet Scandinavian way, Willmar is beginning to get mad.

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How To Get a PASS

SOME TRIED AND TRUE METHODS

By Cpl. NORMAN R. HART
Savanna (Ill.) Ordnance Depot Proving Ground

A WEEK-END PASS is the principal military objective of soldiers all over the world, so here are a few valuable tips on the subject, by a guy who finds this type of pass much harder to make than the kind which takes place when you are with a blond in a rumble seat.

The first step is to get your name on the list at the proper time (usually Wednesday about 11 o'clock). To make sure of this, you can go on sick call or find some other form of Wednesday morning goldbricking so that you can beat the other fellows to the line-up at the orderly room door.

It is important to start your picketing at the right moment. If you're too early the first sergeant might get sore and find some time-consuming detail which will disrupt your whole scheme. If you're late you'll be trampled in the rush and spend your week-end in the hospital. Experience teaches the correct timing. Some old-time pass grabbers have it down to a science; they can appear out of nowhere at just the proper instant.

Once your name is down you can keep yourself posted by chasing the company clerk around, whispering, "Did it go through?" or, "Did I make it?" You must be very secretive about this because someone else might overhear and decide to ask for a pass himself, thereby cutting down your own chances.

The telegram method is a little more trouble but your percentage is better. There are several variations of this system. It is necessary, first all, to arrange with someone to send you a convincingly important telegram.

Sickness is an old well-worn excuse but still a sure bet in an emergency, such as when your best pal back home is throwing a beer party for all the boys. A wife or mother, conveniently ill, can work wonders when it comes to getting passes. But don't do as one soldier did and have them add the warning, "Do not contact Red Cross." That's a dead give-away.

Better yet is the wife who is expecting a baby, because it can be used for innumerable passes. The fellow who can wrinkle his brow and put on the best worried act can do wonders with this type. One man used the baby gag for the first five months he was in the Army. He was broken-hearted when the infant finally arrived.

Of course, business appointments or family operations should always be scheduled to occur in the middle of the week. That way you can get an emergency pass and then telephone for an extension to last over the week-end.

One of the best pass-getting gags is the one whereby you must be home on a certain date to appear in court because of an auto accident you had on your last week-end pass. That one usually sweeps the CO right off his feet.

When you return from one pass you start immediately to build up toward the next one. When someone asks if you had a good time you maneuver around to get within hearing distance of the Old Man. Then you say:

"Heck no. When I got off the train, my wife slipped and broke her leg. Why, I've been sitting up nights with her. I haven't slept a wink since I left here. She was really in agony. She had a complicated compound fracture—not just a little break but a compound one. It was awful. Poor kid."

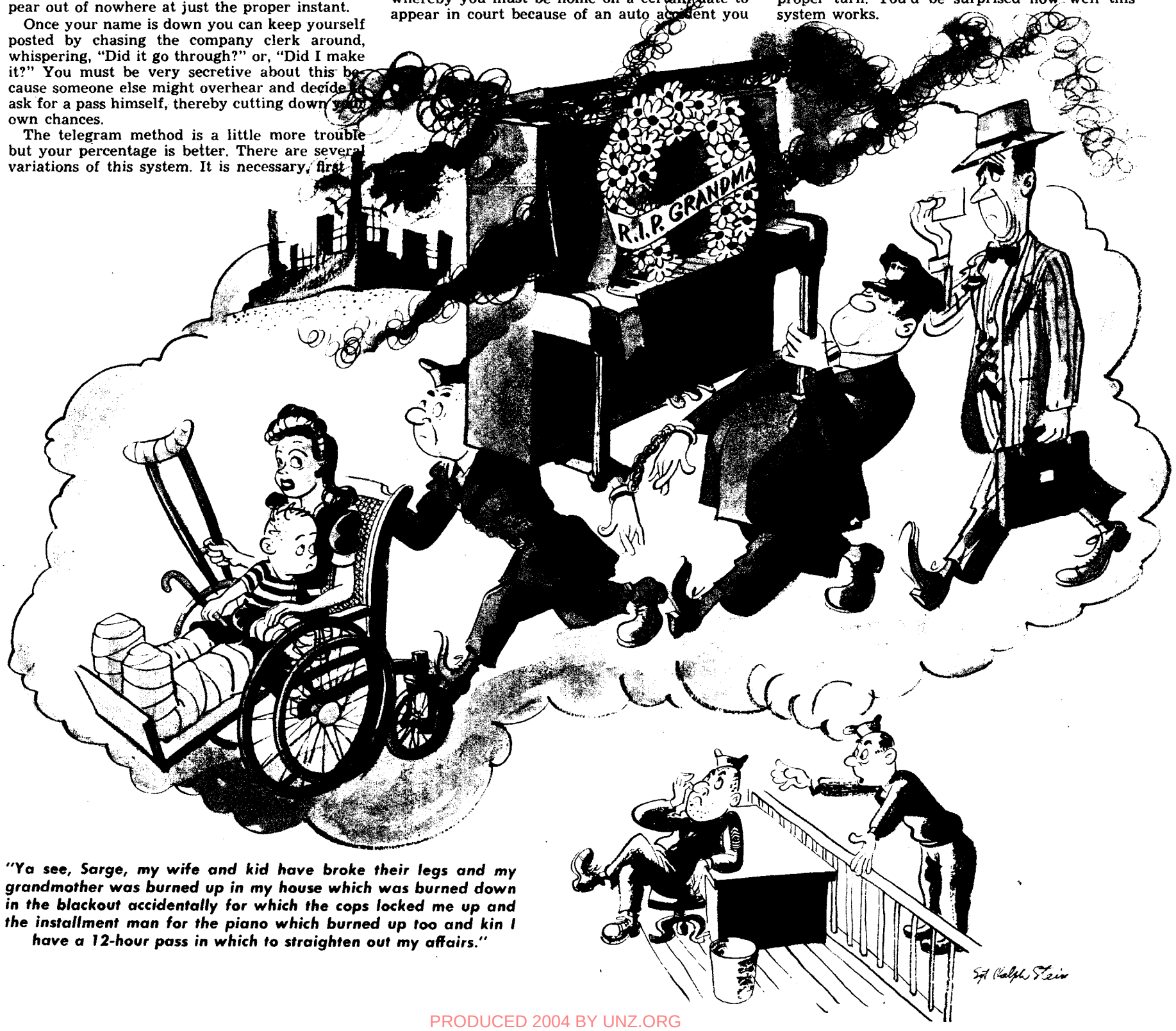
If you use this system, take care to build it up at every opportunity within hearing distance of the Old Man. After a while, out of common courtesy, he will ask how your wife is getting along. Then you've got him; you're in.

If your pass is turned down, you can always put on the injured act. It goes like this: "Say, what do you have to do to get a pass around here?" or "What! After four months without a pass?"

When you use this latter approach be sure that the time element is great enough to excite pity; it might take them a few minutes to look it up and you could, in the meanwhile, gain your point. Of course, this method has never been known to work but someday it might. Besides you have nothing to lose.

And, too, there is the belligerent attitude. "I'd better get one next week," you threaten. This is designed to soften up the company clerk, but it usually makes him a little harder. It's not recommended.

If all these methods fail you can always go to the CO with a legitimate reason and in your proper turn. You'd be surprised how well this system works.



"Ya see, Sarge, my wife and kid have broke their legs and my grandmother was burned up in my house which was burned down in the blackout accidentally for which the cops locked me up and the installment man for the piano which burned up too and kin I have a 12-hour pass in which to straighten out my affairs."

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NEWS FROM HOME

ALABAMA

L. T. Corum, Huntsville textile-mill foreman, was held in Madison County jail in connection with the fatal shooting of his son Laurence, 41. One pig brought $3,500 at a Scottsboro War Bond sale. Teen-age boys were recruited throughout the state to harvest the potato crop in Baldwin County. State control is not being considered by Tuskegee Institute, its president, Dr. F. D. Patterson, declared.

ARIZONA

At Phoenix, John W. Clark, 50, pleaded guilty to importing opium as Robert Dudley Linville, 43, and Ruby Lamont, 29, went on trial on similar charges. Stewart Krentz was elected president of the Cochise-Graham County Cattle Growers Association. Prescott High School gave 10 typewriters toward the state goal of 900 for government use. At Tucson, winter visitors left at a rate of 50 a day, but the housing shortage remained acute.

CALIFORNIA

At Fresno, C. A. Hawkins gave away his 400-acre pea crop rather than pay pickers $3 a bushel when the selling price was $2.50. The drawbridge at 4th Street, San Francisco, went up and remained stuck for over a week. San Marino celebrated its 30th anniversary. A. J. McFadden, president of the State Board of Agriculture, said two-day business holidays will be necessary to allow everyone possible to work in the fields to harvest farm crops. At Los Angeles, Jackson M. Weatherford, 69, wealthy realtor, was charged with the ax-slaying of a tenant, Mrs. Marie Struck, 54. UCLA professors are tilling 32 campus garden plots. Fire did $3,000 damage to the Hemet Elementary School.

COLORADO

At Denver, Grace Church was crowded for a meeting considering the city's rising juvenile delinquency; a 17-year-old boy blamed spring fever after two girls reported to police that he had kissed them. Grand Junction school children and American Legionnaires are turning files into knives for shipment to jungle soldiers. Died at Fort Morgan: R. B. Graham, 62, stockman and member of the state highway advisory board.

THE DAKOTAS

North Dakota: Every time the Bismarck fire whistle blew during an appointed day, it meant $25,000 more sales of War Bonds. Anton J. Anderson, a farmer near Berg, reported that a turkey survived after being buried under an 8-foot snowdrift for 17 days, and Blaine Whipple, editor of McKenzie County *Farmers*, swore his story was true. **South Dakota:** At Aberdeen, Moccasin Creek flooded 15 blocks in Morningside Heights, drove 125 persons from their homes and isolated Tacoma Park for days; the city canceled its annual election for lack of candidates. Huron High students spent three weeks helping Beadle County farmers plant crops.

GEORGIA

All but three of 25 convicts who escaped from Tattnall State Prison were recaptured within a week; then the ringleaders, Leland Harvey and D. C. Black, escaped again from Bibb County jail in Macon with the aid of a trusty. An investigation disclosed three whisky stills at the prison. Atlanta's City Council outlawed the drinking of hard liquor in public places and the sale of mixed drinks within the city limits. When the Brunswick Rotary Club meets, its members take their own lunches; the hotel where they convene stopped serving meals to civic clubs because of shortage of help. Wesleyan College was quarantined by measles.

IDAHO

The new state law requiring a blood test before marriage will cost Coeur d'Alene's marriage mill $100,000 a year, it is estimated by Justice of the Peace M. E. Frandsen. At Boise, Mrs. Verl Higer sold her hair for $20, gave the proceeds to the Red Cross and USO. At Payette, first-degree murder charges were filed against Earl Clark, 38, charged with shooting Tom Harris, his produce farm partner. Gov. Bottolfsen sought federal money for a trailer camp at Mountain Home.

ILLINOIS

Robert M. Roloson, Chicago multimillionaire, perished with his wife and two of their three children when fire destroyed their home in Winnetka. Girls over 18 can be life guards in Evanston this summer. Patrick H. Folliard, conductor, saved the lives of seven passengers in a train wreck between Aurora and Streator that killed four persons and injured 14. At Granite City, Joseph Flowers killed his wife, Mary, wounded their son, then killed himself in a family row. Cole County honored Drs. O. G. Taylor and C. H. Voorheis, physicians for 50 years. Cold weather delayed crops, but heavy rains ended a drought. Gas rationing cut auto travel 60 percent.

INDIANA

New Castle's worst fire destroyed the Jennings Building, causing a $250,000 loss. Arthur W. Slagle of Topeka was crushed to death by a bull. At Indianapolis, Mrs. Iris Todd was denied a divorce when she wore slacks and a sweater to court, later received her decree when she returned wearing a sedate dress. At Shelbyville, Roy Skillman, Mrs. Cathrine Oliger and her 18-month-old grandson were killed in a crash involving a passenger train, auto, truck and bicycle. Fire did $4,000 damage to the Knights of Columbus home at Vincennes. Indiana was the first state in the U. S. to exceed its Second War Loan quota.

IOWA

Cedar Rapids, chosen as a typical Mid-Western town, entertained Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau for a "We, the People" broadcast. Waterloo bought land on the west bank of the Cedar River for a park. L. W. Feik was renamed head of Sioux City schools. Fred Schwengel of Davenport was elected state president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Missouri's new marriage law doomed "quickie" over-the-line marriages for Iowans.

LOUISIANA

Marihuana worth $160,000 was seized near Lake Charles. At New Orleans, three prisoners escaped from the Federal House of Detention; eight persons were hurt by an explosion at the Gulf Supply Corp. plant. Dr. F. M. Terrell of Lake Providence was elected state president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Edward A. Mittelbronn, former employee of the Orleans Parish Levee Board, pleaded guilty to embezzling $503 and was sentenced to one year at hard labor. Louisiana natural-gas rates were reduced.

MAINE

Adolf G. Fischer of Brewer caught the season's first salmon in the Bangor Pool and sent it, as usual, to President Roosevelt. Portland taxi drivers ended a five-day strike. A $65,000 bridge will replace ferry service to Allagash. At Biddeford, a soldier perished when fire swept the Rendezvous Hotel. At Oakland, George T. Benson, Civil War veteran, celebrated his 102d birthday. E. H. Shute of Farmington was elected town manager of Patton. Lewiston High won the annual Bates College Interscholastic Debating Championship with South Portland High second. The Legislature closed a 14-week session after creating a post-war planning fund of $1,000,000.

MARYLAND

Judy Judson, 29, became Maryland's first professional woman jockey when granted a license at Pimlico. At Chestertown, Herman Blackway, volunteer fire chief, was voted the town's No. 1 citizen. Fire at the Crisfield Light & Power Co. plant destroyed cooking and illuminating gas. At Baltimore, two shipyard employees were sentenced and nine others held on charges of sabotage by faulty welding; one employee died and five were injured in a six-alarm fire at the Cats Paw Rubber Co. plant.

MASSACHUSETTS

War Industry Coordinator John J. O'Shea announced plans providing post-war jobs for servicemen. The annual herring run in Back River at Weymouth and Hingham started a week late. At Boston, the liquor stock from the vault of the fire-ravaged Cocoanut Grove night club was sold to a hotel for $171,000. Fall River established a 10 P.M. curfew for juveniles. Lowell school teachers are going to court to collect a promised pay increase. At Northampton, Mrs. Beatrice Bouvier, 27, of Ware went on trial for the alleged shotgun murder of her husband.

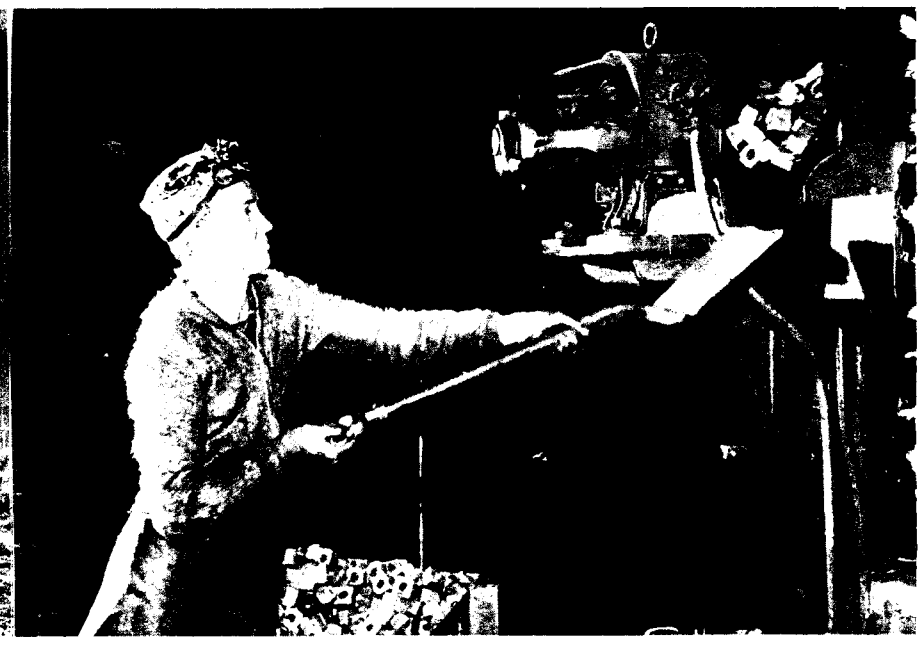
MICHIGAN

Gov. Kelly vetoed a bill authorizing state purchase of Ferris Institute at Big Rapids. At Bay City, Cecil Lisk, 41, killed two of his four daughters and himself during a four-hour battle with police. Two new food-dehydrating plants were approved for Greenville and Marshall. The 70,000 depositors of the Grand Rapids Savings Bank will get $661,809 in its final pay-off. At Port Huron, 18 persons were hospitalized after a $100,000 fire swept the White block. Ionia's City Council voted fast time for April to October, inclusive.

MINNESOTA

Before resigning to begin active duty as a lieutenant commander in the Navy, Gov. Stassen signed a bill giving war veterans job preferences. Lt. Gov. Ed Thye became governor. At Minneapolis, increased drinking among juveniles led to a public hearing. William C. Volkert, 46-year-old farmer who allegedly sent a threatening letter to Gov. Stassen, was held in Ramsey County jail. The Hubbell County Rationing Board established a card-index system listing drivers, car capacity and condition of the tires to aid the community's "share-your-car" movement.

The old Dayett House in Glasgow, Del., was set afire when this trailer truck crashed into it. The house was the site of Gen. Howe's headquarters in 1777.



Mrs. Rose Micklich, who works with her husband in a Pueblo (Colo.) bolt mill, shovels them in as hard and as well as the men.

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What Goes On in Your Own Home State

MISSOURI
Sheriff Omar Schnatmeier ordered St. Charles County loafers to get farm work, otherwise face vagrancy charges. The St. Louis Board of Aldermen created a post-war planning committee. Ernest A. Hamwi, 59, who claimed he originated the ice cream cone, died in St. Louis. The Kansas City zoo bought Joggs, a bicycle-riding harmonica-playing ape.

MONTANA
At Butte, Barry O'Leary was reelected mayor; women began a six-week course in pistol shooting; George A. Forrest, 79, was killed by a bullet fired by an unidentified marksman; Butte High won the Big 16 basketball championship. Walter McGrail, Billings packing-house employee, suffered a fractured skull when a load of pigs fell through an elevator shaft on top of him.

NEVADA
At Reno, the Better Government League adopted the slogan, "Vote or Shut Up!"; a newsreel theater opened at 20 West Second Street; Frederick La Vern Korst, 19, got six months for robbing two service stations. The Kearns ranch, 55 miles north of Elko on the Humboldt River, was sold to William L. Vogler of Salt Lake City.

NEW YORK
At New York City, a burning munitions ship was sunk before it could explode; civic leaders of Harlem tried to reopen the famous Savoy Ballroom, closed following vice charges. Gov. Dewey vetoed a bill legalizing bingo. Dr. Frank P. Graves, 73, former state education commissioner and holder of 42 college degrees, studied for his bar exams at Albany Law School. William Hunt, 76, warden of Attica State Prison, was to retire. Rochester milk men cut deliveries to every other day to conserve rubber and gas. At Buffalo, the navigation season opened 24 days later than last year. The Rev. Joseph A. Burke became the new auxiliary bishop of the Buffalo Catholic diocese.

NEW JERSEY
Trenton's first general alarm fire since 1931 destroyed the State Food Store. The State Department of Health was alloted $50.000 for maternity care for wives of soldiers below the grade of staff sergeant. At Newark, Anthony Ascolese, 40, killed himself after shooting his estranged wife and her twin sister; owners of the Mosque Theater building were charged with constructing a night club in the basement in violation of a WPB conservation order. The Rev. McKinley A. Swann of Paterson thought he was driving his son's car until Maplewood police stopped him after Philip Insabella reported his car missing; the Swann machine was still parked at Penn Station, Newark. State police were instructed to guard farm crops against black-market thieves.

NORTH CAROLINA
A tornado swept Roxobel, Northampton County, killing six persons, demolishing 25 homes and 12 stores, and causing $250,000 damage. At Charlotte, H. H. Baxter was elected mayor; Capt. Leonard Austin and L. W. Brown of the fire department were suspended for 15 days for fighting. The Army threatened to place Charlotte off limits after describing the venereal disease situation as "horrible." Judge Wilson Warlick of Newton was the first announced candidate for governor.

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma County raised 40 million dollars in one day to buy a new cruiser, the *USS Oklahoma City*. An Oklahoma City beauty parlor operator turned over to police a man who wanted his hair dyed and waved and his eyebrows arched. Fort Gibson schools closed for one day so students could harvest R. C. Chapman's radish crop. Before being electrocuted in Sing Sing Prison, N. Y., Eli Shonbrun was allowed to read the love letter sent him by Madeline Webb, former Stillwater college co-ed, who is serving a life sentence for the same murder for which Shonbrun and a companion were executed.

OHIO
A tornado which swept northern Ohio killed three persons, left 500 others homeless and caused $4,000,000 damage in the Cleveland and Akron areas. At Circleville, Charles Mettler, 51, his wife and 7-year-old foster grandson perished when their farm home burned. Cincinnati's City Manager Sherrill banned bingo. Six Cincinnati girls signed professional softball contracts. Two Lebanon Prison Farm inmates escaped but surrendered after finding it impossible to obtain food without ration stamps. A fire in the Andrew Schollfield Co. plant at Columbus destroyed 50,000 pounds of coffee and 20,000 pounds of sugar.

OREGON
At Portland, the Willamette River was near flood stage, and waterfront warehousemen removed goods from lower-level docks. The War Manpower Commission ordered loggers out of high-paying war industry jobs and back to the woods. A gale at Astoria caused considerable property damage. Forest Grove's City Council voted $15,000 for government bonds. A federal jury ordered the government to pay L. C. Williamson $29,750 for his 200-acre ranch which is now a part of Camp Adair.

PENNSYLVANIA
Pittsburgh established a 11:30 P.M. curfew for girls under 18. A two-week Democratic filibuster in the General Assembly over alleged Republican gerrymandering of congressional districts ended. City and county schools experienced a teacher shortage. Chester was building 6,000 homes for war workers. At Philadelphia, 45,000 pounds of Maine potatoes were seized by the OPA and taken to Fort Dix, N. J., which had been without potatoes for a week. At Bellefonte, Herbert Green, 41, was electrocuted for killing Melinda Green, 65, and Josephine Cobb, 24.

TENNESSEE
The Second Army held maneuvers over a 20-county area of central Tennessee. At Athens, triplets, one boy and two girls, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Ellis of Cokercreek, giving them one dozen children. Chattanooga's City Commission approved the site of the old Market House for a victory garden. At Charleston, thieves stole 75 cents from the post office, $75 from the Charleston Hardware Co. store. At Cleveland, the state defended its repeal of the state poll-tax law in a suit filed by Sheriff Birch E. Biggs.

TEXAS
A 1,000-pound brass bell, once rung by Corpus Christi volunteer firemen, will be used on the new cruiser *Houston*. A Dallas judge ruled that a mother with six children has priority over her husband's sweetie when it comes to shoe-ration stamps, placed him under $1,000 bond. The last five WPA employees in the 44-county Houston District were discharged. Army scrap collectors rounded up a million pounds from each of five east Texas counties.

VERMONT
At Burlington, Mayor Burns was reelected; the University of Vermont dropped intercollegiate sports for the duration; James E. Burke, mayor for 10 years and state Democratic leader, died at 94; fire did $5,000 damage to the Lash Furniture Co. warehouse; Allyn Krause, 23, last of the Malletts Bay camp burglars, got a 1½-year sentence in State's Prison at Windsor. New England governors considered mutual problems at Montpelier. Norwich University announced that 440 of 529 students in last year's cadet corps are now in the armed services.

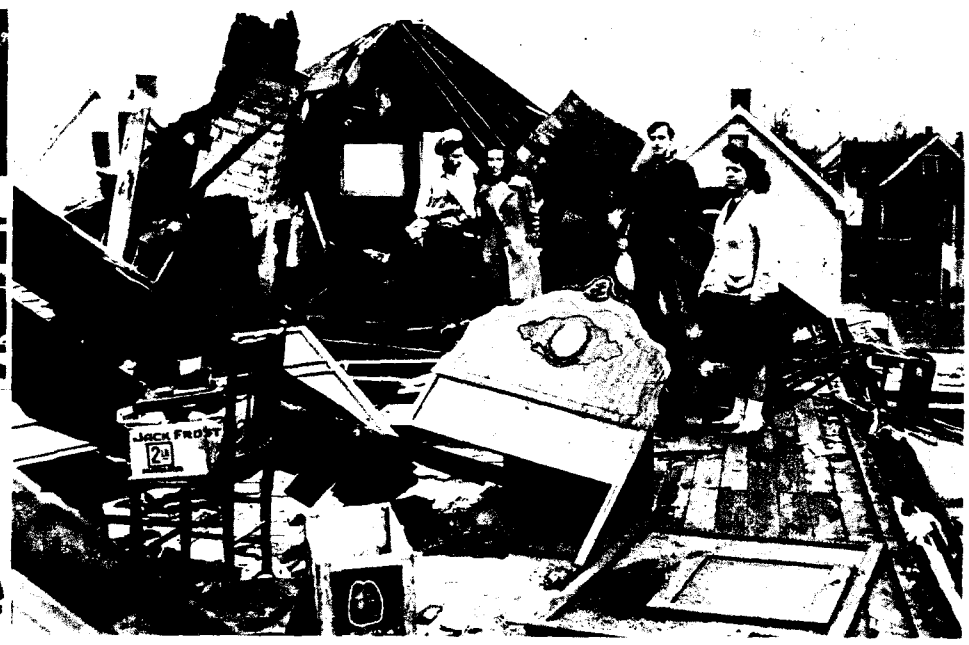
VIRGINIA
The trout season opened with plenty of fish but few fishermen. In Richmond, an explosion at the Albemarle Paper Manufacturing Co. factory killed Asst. Supt. Lynton B. Knighton and six workers, caused $35,000 damage. At Fulton, police said Henry P. Tyree shot himself after seriously wounding Mrs. Mae Perry, a divorcee, and Joe Kelly, former C. & O. brakeman. Gov. Darden opened the 180-mile Greensboro-to-Richmond gasoline pipeline. The Virginia State Restaurant Association resolved to buy truck farms to supply produce to restaurants.

WASHINGTON
Work was started on the Kittitas County airport. Mayor Frank Anderson of Peaceful Valley, tired of finding empty liquor bottles on his property, urged a law requiring an empty bottle for every new bottle sale. In Spokane, Stephen Edwards, a Colville Indian, was on trial, charged with killing another Indian with a can of peas. Flooded Tacoma Creek washed out a section of the Milwaukee Railroad branch line and the Pend Oreille Highway near Newport. Longview's City Council set a 10 P.M. curfew for children under 18.

WEST VIRGINIA
Fifty Huntington taxicab drivers struck for the third time within a month over their company's plans for more cabs during the early morning hours. At Charleston, Hirohito's birthday was celebrated by a simulated daylight air raid and accelerated War Bond sales. The new $175,000 science building at Glenville State College was completed. Bishop John J. Swint of the Catholic Diocese of Wheeling was being treated for a heart ailment. Liquidation of Camp Fairchance near Madison was started by the state.

WYOMING
At Cheyenne, a $70,000 bond issue was voted for a new fire station on the South Side; Dr. John E. Osborne, 89, former governor and congressman who once made a pair of shoes from a desperado's skin, died. Extensive oil exploration work is underway in the Horse Creek field. James Thomsen, 65, Green River service station owner, was killed when his truck overturned.

The biggest fir tree in the state is hauled through North Bend, Wash., in four sections, each 10½ feet around and weighing 35 tons.



Residents of Cleveland's West Side stand on wreckage left after a tornado swept northern Ohio. Three persons were killed, 500 made homeless.

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PX

"Where the hell d'ya think you are, Palm Springs?"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell, AAF Carlsbad, N. Mex.

Is It a Big River?

WITH an old rusty safety-razor blade that I carry in a holster under my armpit, I clipped an article from the Camp Roberts *Dispatch* and tucked it away in my wallet.

It was a lesson in the Jap language, and I am going to study it on my way overseas. The first paragraph pointed out that "ga" indicates a subject word and "wa" singles out something about which a further statement is to be made.

"Very little attention should be given to *ga* and *wa*," said the article, and I quickly followed instructions. At the bottom I noticed that "*Okii kawa desu ka?*" means "Is it a big river?"

I can see myself right now, in a steaming tropical jungle. I have paused in a clearing to stroke a friendly python behind the ears. I am on a dangerous mission, the nature of which I cannot disclose, deep in enemy territory.

Suddenly a heavily armed Jap soldier appears in the pathway. We glance at each other's sleeves, to see who outranks whom. Both of us are too surprised to go for our guns, and we just stand there and stare at each other.

To fill in this awkward pause I say "*Ga wa.*" He grins idiotically, his whole manner vaguely irritating to me.

"*Okii kawa desu ka?*" I observe, meaning "Is it a big river?"

"Weren't you in my philosophy class at USC during the 1936, fall term?" he blurts, speaking perfect English except for that slightly nasal drawl that so many Californians affect.

This is too much, in view of the fact that I am trying to speak Jap. I lift the butt of my rifle and let him have a crushing blow in the teeth. I note with satisfaction that he goes down immediately, indicating he is not in very good condition.

"Is it a big river?" he cries, staggering to his feet. He tries to work himself around to my rear, so he can stab me in the back, but I am a handy man with a bayonet. Before long I am writing "Jimmy Doolittle" on his prone body with my pigsticker.

I remember the clipping in my wallet when I am casting about for a suitable Jap phrase to carve. From this clipping I select the most appropriate, which seems to be "*Do desu ka?*" I etch it into his hide. The translation, according to my clipping, is "How is it?"

—Sgt. RAY DUNCAN
Santa Ana (Calif.) Army Air Base

THE TRAGIC ROUNDELAY

He reached for a piece of paper
And wrote in hurried fashion
A fiery, tender verse of love
Entitled "Here's to Passion."

He mailed it home to Genevieve,
To whom he was betrothed,
But when his roundelay arrived
She only foamed and frothed.

A sad, sad tale it surely is,
For this is how he lost her:
Our hero accidentally wrote
On the back of a VD poster.

—Pvt. BILL CASE
Laughlin (Tex.) Army Air Field

Angelina, the Aleutian Milkmaid

I WAS walking through a meadow on a certain Aleutian island when I saw a cow. A cow in the Aleutians is a strange sight. This one was pink, with blue spots, and very small. She was standing very still, because a milkmaid was milking her. The milkmaid was sitting on a pillow on the ground, with the pail between her legs. She was milking away as I approached. "Plunkety-plunk, plunkety-plunk" went the milk into the pail.

The cow and the milkmaid turned their heads when they saw me and smiled.

"Hello, soldier," said the milkmaid. The cow said nothing.

"Hello, milkmaid," said I.

"Can you milk a cow?" she asked.

"Sure," I replied, "I used to fill 10 pails of milk and honey every morning before breakfast."

"Where was that?" she asked.

"In California, the land of milk and honey. You should see California," I whispered huskily.

"Maybe some day. Right now I am too busy," she replied.

Aleutian girls are very straightforward and also a little backward.

She finished milking the cow. The cow walked away, sniffing the ground for ice cubes.

"My name is Angelina," said the milkmaid. "Would you like a glass of milk?"

Angelina was round and sweet, with wide brown eyes and dimpled ears.

"Yes," said I, "and call me Lucky."

We walked to the house. Lambs were gamboling in the meadow. The sun was shining, and pigs were petting in the pasture. When they saw Angelina they grunted happily and rushed to greet her. It was a pretty sight.

Angelina's mother was out in the yard chopping wood. Her father was sitting on the doorstep. He was smoking his pipe and thinking.

The mother looked angry. "The water is too rough to fish," she said. "We ate the last of the turnips yesterday, and the blubber is all gone. What are we going to feed the soldier?"

Angelina smiled. "I will feed him sugar."

There is no sugar shortage here.

Angelina and I had milk and sugar on bread. She told me she was 18 and in the eighth grade at school. She liked poetry. She looked very sweet.

"Angelina," I said suddenly, grasping her hand, "will you wait for me until I come back?"

She smiled dreamily. "Yes," she whispered. "I will wait for you. I might as well. I am already waiting for 11 other soldiers."

Aleutian girls are very straightforward and also a little backward.

—Pvt. DONALD SEELY
Alcan Highway

THE ORD-NEERS

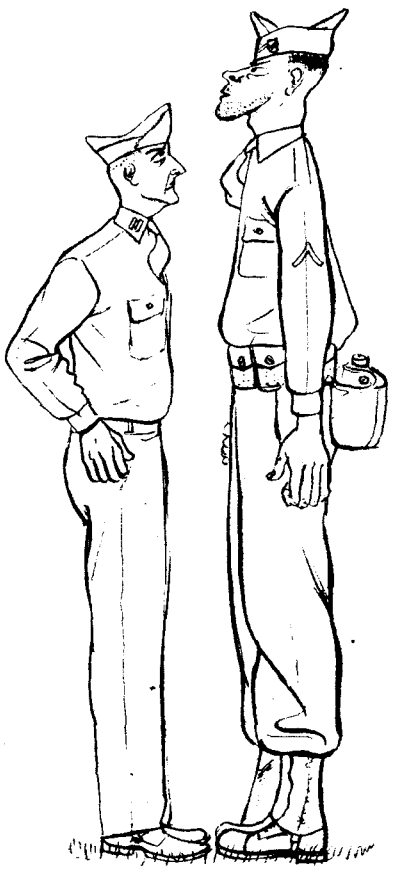
The Ord-neers are a bunch of guys
Who'd rather sleep than fight,
Who gripe about the food they get
And talk of women at night they pet;
But aside from this, these Ord-neers
Would fight the devil and his peers.

—Pvt. EDWIN L. BROOKS
Will Rogers Field, Calif.

THOUGHT

The best Japs of all
Lie in Guadalcanal.

—Fort Niagara (N. Y.) *Drum*



—Sgt. Paul Goldone, Fort Belvoir, Va.

TROPIC FEVER

Oh, the anchor chain is singing,
And the gulls are swooping round,
And the monkeys chatter nonsense
In the dusk of Coral Sound.
When the moon leans down to listen,
As the waves caress the keel,
To the parrot's rasping chuckle
And the scrape of weathered steel;
Then the fever of the tropics
Grips a man until he aches,
And his hair creeps up his backbone
And his hands begin to shake;
For the sea speaks fear in silence,
And the stillness takes its hold:
Though a man may fight his conscience,
It's the quiet turns him cold.

—Pvt. JOHN M. HOLCOMBE III
Central Africa

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY

White king moves 12 to 16. Black king jumps 32 to 23.

White moves 26 to 22. Black jumps 18 to 25.

White moves 30 to 26. Black king jumps 23 to 30.

White king jumps 16 to 23, and black, though 3 men ahead, is ready for the coroner.

LETTER DIVISION

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       906
       521
      3855
      3647
      2084
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WORD SQUARE

	1	2	3	4	5
1	S	T	R	A	W
2	T	R	I	P	E
3	R	I	G	I	D
4	A	P	I	N	G
5	W	E	D	G	E

Tee-Total Winners

A score of 404 was high mark in the April 2 Tee-Total contest. Winner was Cpl. Milton Gluck, AGO, Hq. EDC and First Army, Fort Jay, N. Y., whose solution is illustrated at the right. Runner-up was Cpl. Daniel Rhodes, 21st Special Service Unit, Fort Riley, Kans., who had a score of 401. Third high man was Pfc. William M. Robb, 84th AB Squad, LAFS, Lubbock, Tex. Each receives a YANK puzzle kite.

A Tee-Total contest appears in every issue of YANK. Get into the competition and grab off a prize.

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SPORTS: THINKING OUT LOUD AND WONDERING WHATEVER BECAME OF TUNNEY'S ANTI-CIGARETTE CAMPAIGN

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

WE Would Like to Have Seen: Manager Casey Stengel when he was laid up in a Boston maternity ward with a busted leg. . . . Joey Burns of the Braves steal home when Van Lingle Mungo took a full wind-up with the bases loaded and nobody out. . . . Gen. Chennault when he threw a third strike past a private in a softball game played somewhere in China. . . . Dizzy Dean when he was a yardbird at Fort Sam Houston, Tex., before the Cardinals discovered him. . . . Little Barney Ross when he flattened the heavyweight champion of Samoa. . . . Pvt. Joe DiMaggio when he hit a line-drive single in the ninth inning of the Army All Star-Hollywood game with the score tied, bases loaded and two out. . . . Tommy Harmon when he outmaneuvered three crocodiles while fighting his way through the South American jungles.

We Have Always Wondered Why: Mickey Cochrane was fired at Detroit. . . . First sergeants never take calisthenics. . . . Fillies never win the Kentucky Derby. . . . Only baseball players and shop foremen chew tobacco. . . . College baseball players seldom make good in the big leagues. . . . Babe Ruth never became a major league manager. . . . Bill Cox bought the Phillies. . . . All boxing champions go into the restaurant business. . . . The Cardinals traded Ducky Medwick to the Dodgers.

We Would Like to Have: Gen. Patton's ivory-handled six shooters. . . . The inkwell Paul Derringer threw at Larry MacPhail. . . . Bob Zuppke's old sweater. . . . Films of the Dempsey-Firpo fight. . . . One of Connie Mack's high collars. . . . The baseball that Ted Williams misjudged and threw over the fence in a fit of anger. . . . One of those Australian campaign hats. . . . Tony Galento's capacity for beer. . . . A drill sergeant who had not served a hitch in the canal zone. . . . Pepper Martin's midget racer.

Expressions We Are Always Taking Literally: "He couldn't draw his breath at the gate." . . . "He can't punch his way out of a paper bag." . . . "Send that bum back to the bushes." . . . "He hit him with everything but the ring post." . . . "He couldn't find the plate with a searchlight." . . . "He swings like a rusty gate." . . . "That kid can really carry the mail." . . . "He's got a hole in his racquet." . . . "He couldn't hit a bull in the can with a bass fiddle." . . . "That guy has two left feet."

Casey Stengel, manager of the Boston Braves, waves his fist in protest at being confined to a maternity ward with a broken leg. Stengel was hit by a taxi the day before the season opened.

Whatever Became of: Kingfish Levinsky? . . . The Warner system? . . . The good 5-cent cigar? . . . The Irish whip? . . . Art The Great Shires? . . . Hitler's secret weapon? . . . Bill Terry? . . . The 4-minute mile? . . . Gene Tunney's anti-cigarette campaign? . . . Clark Griffith's Cubans? . . . Paavo Nurmi? . . . Babe Didrikson? . . . The rumor that GIs in isolated overseas posts would be transferred after two years?

We Never Knew: Larry MacPhail threatened to fire Leo Durocher because he refused to send Pete Reiser to Montreal. . . . Tommy Harmon washed out of flying school, but came back to make the grade. . . . Gen. Marshall was an All-Southern tackle at Virginia Military Institute. . . . Henry Armstrong writes poetry. . . . Jack Dempsey has a small, squeaky voice. . . . Earl Sande once sang in a night club. . . . Exactly how to pronounce "Gallahadion," the 1940 Derby winner.

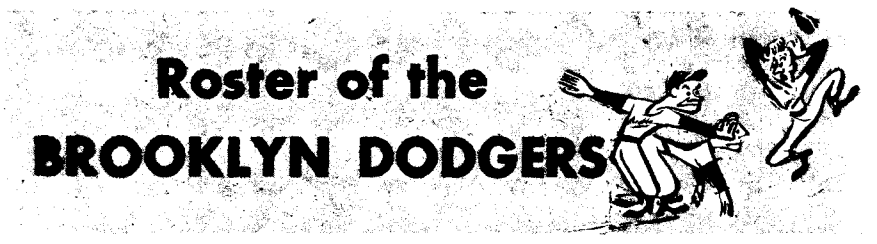
Hockey ace Muzz Patrick cleans his Springfield for the last time at OCS.

Bill Corum says that GIs overseas may soon be talking with nationally known sports figures like **Sgt. Joe Louis, Sgt. Barney Ross, Cpl. Billy Conn, Pvt. Joe DiMaggio, Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey, Lt. Benny Leonard, Babe Ruth, Jimmy Conzelman** and **Eddie Arcaro** (if reinstated). The War Department, according to Corum, has such an expedition of sports stars to overseas bases under consideration and there's a chance it might go through. . . . In the meantime, the Army has cooled any enthusiasm **Mike Jacobs** might have had for a Conn-Louis rematch simply by assigning Conn to combat duty with the 12th Armored Division.

Fortunes of war: **Indian Bill Geyer,** one of Colgate's greatest broken field runners, was turned down by the Navy as an aviation cadet because a football injury had damaged his vision. His coach, **Andy Kerr,** advised an operation, which resulted in Geyer having to spend three weeks in total darkness—"The most miserable three weeks of my life." After that he had to rest three months but eventually was accepted as a pilot. A few days ago, Geyer returned to Colgate as a Naval math student. His instructor was Coach Andy Kerr.

Not all of the boxers in the Coast Guard are physical training instructors. **Lew Jenkins,** for one, has been made a prisoner chaser at the Norfolk (Va.) Coast Guard brig. . . . **Eddie (Buzzer) Berlinski,** former N. C. State football ace, is reported missing in action in Tunisia. . . . Navy commissions for **Vic Bradford,** New York Giant outfielder; **Wayne Millner,** Notre Dame end coach; and **Harry Craft,** Cincinnati outfielder. . . . **Tommy Tucker,** the light heavyweight contender, was an enlisted man for 23 months before he qualified as a naval aviation cadet. . . . Just eight months out of OCS and he's already **Capt. Hank Greenberg.**

As an enlisted man **Colonel Buster Mills,** former St. Louis Brown outfielder, took a lot of kidding from his first sergeant because of his given name. At the OCS graduation exercises there was considerable eyebrow lifting when **Lt. Colonel Buster Mills** was called up to receive his commission. . . . **Hugh Casey,** the ex-Dodger, pitched a no-hit, no-run game as the Norfolk (Va.) Naval Air Station baseball team snapped the 15-game winning streak of the Norfolk Naval Station. The score was 4 to 0.



This is the third in a series of four team rosters of the leading pennant contenders of the National League. Next week, the Chicago Cubs.

PITCHERS	B	T	H	W	Residence	1942 Club	Games	W	L	Pct.	ERA
Chipman, Robert Howard	L	L	6:02½	190	East Northport, N. Y.	Montreal	26	6	9	.400	3.96
Davis, Curtis B.	R	R	6:03	180	South Pasadena, Cal.	Dodgers	32	15	6	.714	2.36
Fitzsimmons, Fred	R	R	5:11	200	Brooklyn	Dodgers	1	0	0	.000	15.00
Head, Edward	R	R	6:01	180	W. Monroe, La.	Dodgers	36	10	6	.625	3.55
Higbe, Walter Kirby	R	R	5:11	190	Columbia, S. C.	Dodgers	38	16	11	.593	3.24
Kimball, Newell W.	R	R	6:02½	200	Santa Monica, Cal.	Dodgers	14	2	0	1.000	3.72
Macon, Max Cullen	L	L	6:03	175	New Albany, Ind.	Montreal	16	9	4	.692	2.33
						Dodgers	14	5	3	.625	1.93
Melton, Reuben Franklin	R	R	6:05	205	Gastonia, N. C.	Phils	42	9	20	.310	3.70
Newsom, Louis N.	R	R	6:02	210	Hartsville, N. C.	Wash.	30	11	17	.393	4.92
						Dodgers	6	2	2	.500	3.38
Webber, Lester	R	R	6:00½	185	Santa Maria, Cal.	Dodgers	19	3	2	.600	2.94
Wyatt, John Whitlow	R	R	6:01	185	Buchanan, Ga.	Dodgers	31	19	7	.731	2.74
Allen, John T.	R	R	6:00	180	Lenoir, N. C.	Dodgers	27	10	6	.625	3.20

CATCHERS	B	T	H	W	Residence	1942 Club	Games	BA	RBI
Moore, D. C.	R	R	5:11	190	Los Angeles	Anniston	97	.348	63
						New Orleans	47	.304	19
Owen, Arnold Malcolm	R	R	5:10	170	Brookline, Mo.	Dodgers	133	.259	44
Bragan, Bob	R	R	5:11	170	Birmingham, Ala.	Phils	109	.205	22
INFIELDERS									
Camilli, Adolph L.	L	L	5:11	185	Laytonville, Cal.	Dodgers	150	.252	109
Herman, William J.	R	R	5:11	180	New Albany, Ind.	Dodgers	155	.256	65
Kampouris, Alexis	R	R	5:08	160	Sacramento	Dodgers	10	.236	3
						Montreal	55	.275	24
Vaughan, Floyd Ellis	L	R	5:10	175	Potter Valley, Cal.	Dodgers	128	.277	49
Glossop, Alban	Both	R	6:00	175	Philadelphia	Phils	121	.225	40
OUTFIELDERS									
Bordagaray, Stanley	R	R	5:07	175	Coalinga, Cal.	Dodgers	48	.241	5
Cooney, John	R	L	5:10	160	Sarasota, Fla.	Braves	74	.207	7
Galan, August John	B	R	5:11½	175	Berkeley, Cal.	Dodgers	69	.263	22
Medwick, Joseph Michael	R	R	5:10	180	Sappington, Mo.	Dodgers	142	.300	96
Olmo, Luis Rodriguez	R	R	5:11½	190	Caguas, Puerto Rico	Richmond	131	.337	92
Peck, Harold Arthur	L	L	5:11	175	Genesee Depot, Wis.	Milwaukee	141	.333	94
Walker, Fred	L	R	6:01	180	Freeport, N. Y.	Dodgers	118	.290	54
Waner, Paul	L	L	5:06	160	Sarasota	Braves	114	.258	39
Waner, Lloyd	L	R	5:07	148	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Phils	101	.261	10

COACHES—Clyde Sukeforth, John Corriden MANAGER—Leo E. Durocher

NATIONAL SERVICE LIST—Hugh Casey, Herman Franks, Larry French, Harry Lavagetto, Don Padgett, Harold Reese, Harold P. Reiser, Lewis Riggs, John Rizzo, Chester Kehn.

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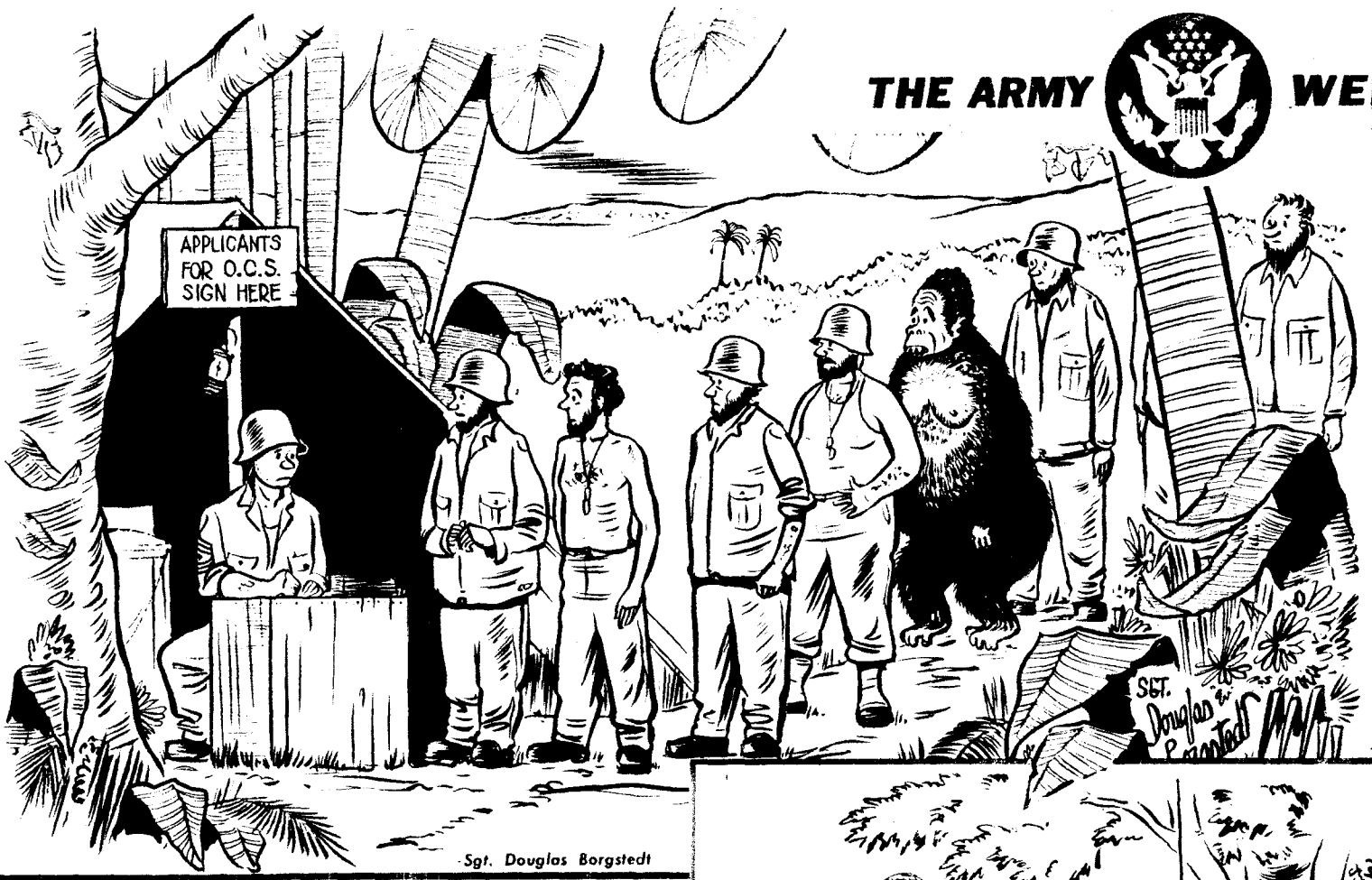
THE ARMY WEEKLY



Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

"ADVANCE TO BE RECOGNIZED!"
—Sgt. Stan Swiersz, Camp Barkeley, Tex.

"WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME JUST WHAT THOSE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE DOING THERE?"
—Sgt. Louis Jamme, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

"THIS IS SGT. HUNTER. L-O-O-K O-U-T H-E I-S P-L-E-N-T-Y T-O-U-G-H."
—Pvt. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N. C.

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